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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 13 cents.

AN ORIENTAL TRIBUTE ON THE OPEN-  
ING OF THE INDIAN AND COLONIAL  
EXHIBITION BY THE QUEEN.

(Literally translated from the Arabic of *Habib*  
*Anthony Salmond*.)

Is it Paradise I gaze on? do the Garden's gates  
unfold?

Brothers! tell me, am I dreaming? are these  
visions I behold?

All the lands of one dominion into one rejoic-  
ing brought

In this palace of their pleasure. Such a mar-  
vel what hath wrought?

Yea! I know! I see the truth now! Seeking  
light the sun arose,

My blind eyes irradiating: midst her realm  
VICTORIA goes:

Of the West supreme Sultana she hath bid the  
South, and North,  
She hath bid the East attend her, bringing all  
their treasures forth;

Verily, she wears the signet worn by Suleiman  
of old,

Gifted with those magic letters carved upon  
the stone in gold.

And this brings her all she asks for: as unto  
that King of Kings;

What, forsooth, should be denied her of the  
whole world's precious things?

For the blue sea is thy sapphire, and the  
golden stars do write

ALLAH's name upon its surface with their rays  
of magic might;

And its wide tides wash to Britain all the  
riches of the main,

Flowing in with ships of treasure, ebbing out  
with ships again.

Like winged birds they skim the ocean, mes-  
sengers thy children send

Out of all the British nations unto thee, their  
Queen and Friend.

'Tis a world, a whole vast people, gathering  
joyfully to-day,

All their hearts in one heart blended thus their  
reverence to pay.

East and West with one love blended bless  
thee Queen in unity;

Allah, Lord of Lords! vouchsafe us long such  
brotherhood to see!

Then what enemy shall daunt us? who shall  
do Britannia wrong?

In such majesty united, in such mighty kinship  
strong.

Lo! thine Empire clusters round thee, all its  
richest, and its best!

Peace and happiness be with thee; this thine  
East prays, as thy West.

Academy.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

WHEN FIRST THE WILLOWS' BUDDING  
SPRAY.

WHEN first the willows' budding spray

Showed silver plumelets by the river,

When first the nesting birds were gay

With painted breasts and throats aquiver,

Along the pleasant paths they strayed,

So happy in the primrose weather,

The one a youth, the one a maid,

They walked the willow walk together.

He pointed to a little bird

That worked and sang, its fond nest rearing,

He whispered softly and she heard

The song no more, him only hearing.

I know naught else — they wandered on

Far down the willows' wicker alley.

More tenderly the May sun shone,

And smiled the verdant river valley.

I watched till, in the winding lane

With infant leafage shyly shaded,

The idyl of the whispering swain

And listening maiden gently faded.

The thrush, full-throated, caroled fast,

I felt its spell yet did not hear it;

It seemed as though the springtide passed

Before me its embodied spirit.

And youth's first sweetness came again,

Mine own and all in song or story;

We share life with our fellow-men,

Their grief our pain, their love our glory.

CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

Madison, Wis.

THE SKYLARK.

ENSKIED in cloudless calm this fresh May  
morn,

High up in soaring ecstasy the lark,

A quivering speck of pulsing melody,

Brims all the azure vault with rapturous trills.

Thick-warbled coruscations of sweet sound,

And pours his little being into song

As if the summer day were still too short

For all he has to sing. Now, upward yet,

With joyous bounds, he mounts and mounts  
on wings

Of reckless freedom, till height dims his notes

To muffled softness, and the dazzling blue

Absorbs his form in light, like some rapt spirit

Which Heaven hides from earth. In praise  
to God,

Who made this world so fair, his life so glad,

His *Jubilate* rings. First treble, he

Leads up the many-voiced choir of earth,

Where spreads the sapphire semblance of the  
Throne.\*

With psalm invitational of cheerful lauds, —

"O come before his presence with a song,"

So Love's full heart upon a morn like this,

Impatient of low flights and tardy strains,

Seeks larger utterance than mere words can  
give,

And flings tumultuous song far into heaven.

Spectator.

A. SMYTHE PALMER.

\* Ezekiel, i. 26.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE NADIR OF LIBERALISM.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"DEMAS hath forsaken me"—so the deserted and dejected Muse of Literature may say—"Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and hath betaken himself to this or that constituency." It is now more than fifteen years since I exhorted my young literary and intellectual friends, the lights of Liberalism, not to be rushing into the arena of politics themselves, but rather to work inwardly upon the predominant force in our politics—the great middle class—and to cure its spirit. From their Parliamentary mind, I said, there is little hope; it is in getting at their real mind, and making it work honestly, that all our hope lies. For from the boundedness and backwardness of their spirit, I urged, came the inadequacy of our politics; and by no Parliamentary action, but by an inward working only, could this spirit and our politics be made better. My exhortations were as fruitless as good advice usually is. The great Parliamentary machine has gone creaking and grinding on, grinding to much the same result as formerly. But instead of keeping aloof, and trying to set up an inward working on the middle-class spirit, more and more of one's promising young friends of former days have been tempted to put their hands to the machine; and there one sees them now, helping to grind—all of them zealous, all of them intelligent, some of them brilliant and leading.

What has been ground, what has been produced with their help? Really very much the same sort of thing which was produced without it. Certainly our situation has not improved, has not become more solid and prosperous, since I addressed to my friends, fifteen years ago, that well-meant but unavailing advice to work inwardly on the great Philistine middle class, the master force in our politics, and to cure its spirit. At that time I had recently been abroad, and the criticism which I heard abroad on England's politics and prospects was what I took for my text in the first political essay with which I ventured to approach my friends

and the public. The middle class and its Parliament were then in their glory. Liberal newspapers heaped praise on the middle-class mind, "which penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value;" ministers of State heaped praise on "the great, the heroic work" performed by the middle-class Parliament. But the foreigners made light of our middle-class mind, and, instead of finding our political performance admirable and successful, declared that it seemed to them, on the other hand, that the era for which we had possessed the secret was over, and that a new era, for which we had not the secret, was beginning. Just now I have again been abroad, and under present circumstances I found that the estimate of England's action and success under a Liberal Government had, not unnaturally, sunk lower still. The hesitancy, imbecility, and failure of England's action abroad, it was said, have become such as to delight all her enemies, and to throw all her friends into consternation. England's foreign policy, said some clever man, reminds me of nothing so much as of Retz's character of the Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis the Thirteenth: "There was a wide distance, with him, between wishing and willing, between willing and resolving, between resolving and the choice of means, between the choice of means and the putting them in execution. But what was most wonderful of all, it frequently happened that *he came to a sudden stop even in the midst of the putting into execution.*" There, said the speaker, is a perfect prophecy of England in Egypt. At home we had Ireland; to name Ireland is enough. We had the obstructed and paralyzed House of Commons. Then, finally, came the news one morning of the London street-mobs and street-riots, heightening yet further the impression of our impotence and disarray. The recent trial and acquittal of the mob-orators will probably complete it.

With very many of those who thus spoke, with all the best and most important of them at any rate, malicious pleasure in our misfortunes, and gratified envy, were not the uppermost feelings; indeed,

they were not their feelings at all. Do not think, they earnestly said, that we rejoice at the confusion and disablement of England; there may be some, no doubt, who do; perhaps there are many. We do not. England has been to us a cynosure, a tower, a pride, a consolation; we rejoiced in her strength; we rested much of our hope for the Continent upon her weight and influence there. The decline of her weight and influence we feel as a personal loss and sorrow. That they have declined, have wellnigh disappeared, no one who uses his eyes can doubt. And now, in addition, what are we to think of the posture of your affairs at home? What is it all coming to? It seems as if you were more and more getting among the breakers, drifting towards the shoals and the rocks. Can it really be so? and is the great and noble ship going to break to pieces?

No, I answered; it is not going to break to pieces. There are sources, I trust, of deliverance and safety which you do not perceive. I agree with you, however, that our foreign policy has been that of people who fumble because they cannot make up their mind, and who cannot make up their mind because they do not know what to be after. I have said so, and I have said why it is and must be so; because this policy reflects the dispositions of middle-class Liberalism, with its likes and dislikes, its effusion and confusion, its hot and cold fits, its want of dignity and of the steadfastness which comes from dignity, its want of ideas and of the steadfastness which comes from ideas. I agree, too, that the House of Commons is a scandal, and Ireland a crying danger. I agree that monster processions and monster meetings in the public streets and parks are the letting out of anarchy, and that our weak dealing with them is deplorable. I myself think all this, and have often, too often, said it. But the mass of our Liberals of the middle and lower classes do not see it at all. Their range of vision and of knowledge is too bounded. They are hardly even conscious that the House of Commons is a scandal or that Ireland is a crying danger. If it suited their favorite minister

to tell them that neither the one nor the other allegation is true, they would believe him. As to foreign policy, of course it does suit him to tell them that the allegation that England has lost weight and influence is not true. And when the minister, or when one of his ardent young officials on their promotion, more dauntless than the minister himself, boldly assures them that England has not at all lost weight and influence abroad, and that our foreign policy has been sagacious, consistent, and successful, they joyfully believe him. Or when one of their minister's colleagues assures them that the late disturbances were of no importance, a mere accident which will never happen again, and that monster processions and monster meetings in the public streets and parks are proper and necessary things, which neither can be prohibited nor ought to be prohibited, they joyfully believe him. And with us in England, although not in the great world outside of England, those who thus think or say that all is well are the majority. They may say it, replied the speaker already mentioned, who has a turn for quotation; they may say it. But the answer for them is the answer made by Sainte-Beuve to M. Rouher asserting that all was well with the second empire in its closing years: "He may say so if he pleases, but he deceives himself, and he thinks contrary to the general opinion."

Yet surely there must be something to give ground to our prevalent notion of Mr. Gladstone as a great and successful minister. Not only the rank and file, the unthinking multitude, of the Liberal party, have it and proclaim it, but the leaders, the intelligent and educated men, embrace it just as confidently. Lord Ripon speaks of "the policy we might expect from the glorious antecedents of Mr. Gladstone." Professor Thorold Rogers calls him "that veteran statesman with fifty years of victory behind him." Mr. Reginald Brett says that any scheme for Ireland which he produces will be "a scheme based on his unrivalled experience of the art of government." Mr. John Morley says that "in his great abilities and human sympathy will be found the only means capable of



solving the great Irish question." Sir Horace Davey "will not hesitate to say that he has confidence in Mr. Gladstone, and that he believes the country also has confidence in Mr. Gladstone. The Liberals of England would not soon withdraw their confidence from that illustrious statesman, who had so often led them to victory." Surely there must be some foundation or other for this chorus of eulogy and confidence. Surely there must have been great success of some kind, surely there must have been victory.

Most certainly there has been victory. But has there been success? The two things are often confounded together, and in the popular estimate of Mr. Gladstone we have a signal instance of the confusion. He has been victorious, true; he has conquered, he has carried his measures. But he has not been successful. For what is success for a statesman; is it merely carrying his measures? The vulgar may think so, but a moment's reflection will tell us that the vulgar are wrong; that success for a statesman is succeeding in what his measures are designed to do.

This is the test of a statesman's success, and the great and successful statesmen are those whose work will bear trying by it. Cavour and Prince Bismarck are statesmen of our own time who are really great, because their work did what it was meant to do. Cavour's design was to make a united Italy, Prince Bismarck's to make a strong Germany; and they made it. No minor success, no success of vanity, no success of which the issue is still problematical and which requires other successes for its accomplishment, will suffice to assure this title of *successful* to a statesman. To some people Prince Bismarck seems great because he can snub all the world, and has even been enabled, by an incredible good fortune, to snub the proudest of countries and the one country against which, above all others, he was powerless — England. These successes of vanity are nothing. Neither is he to be called a successful statesman because he carried the May laws, for it is as yet uncertain whether the end which those laws were designed

to attain they will accomplish. But let us see, then, what it is which does indeed make Prince Bismarck a great and successful statesman, a statesman whose "antecedents," to take Lord Ripon's phrase, are indeed "glorious." He is successful because, finding his country with certain dangers and certain needs, he has labored for forty years, at first as a subordinate, but for the far greater part of the time as principal, to remove the one and to satisfy the other.

Germany had needs, she found impediments or she found perils to her national life, on the side of Denmark, Austria, Russia, France. First her needs on the side of Denmark were satisfied, in spite of the opposition of France and England. Graver difficulties had to be faced next. A strong Germany was impossible without a strong Prussia. But Prussia seemed to be one of the great powers only in name; Austria, thwarting and supercilious, checked her movements at every turn, frustrated all efforts to consolidate Germany. Except by Prussia's beating Austria, the consolidation of Germany could not go forward; but a war with Austria — what a difficult war was that for a Prussian minister to make! Prince Bismarck made it, and the victory of Sadowa gave Prussia free action in Germany. But except free action in Germany, Prince Bismarck demanded nothing from Austria; no territory, no indemnity — not a village, not a shilling.

Russia had saved Austria from the Hungarians, why did she not save her from the Prussians? Because the Prussian government, foreseeing the future, foreseeing the inevitable struggle with Austria, had refused to take part with the Western powers in the Crimean War — a foolish and prejudicial war for England, but which would have been still more foolish and prejudicial for Prussia. Austria had in a half-hearted way taken part with the Western powers; Russia's neutrality in Austria's war with Prussia was Prussia's reward for the past and Austria's punishment.

Meanwhile at Prussia's success France looked on, palpitating with anger and jealousy. A strong Germany was a defiance

to all French traditions, and the inevitable collision soon came. France was defeated, and the provinces required to give military security to Germany were taken from her. Why had not Austria now sought to wreak her vengeance on Prussia by siding with France? She had Russia still to reckon with in attempting to do so. But what was of yet more avail to stay her hand was that Prince Bismarck, as has been already mentioned, had with admirable wisdom entirely foreborne to amerce and humiliate her after Sadowa, and had thus made it possible for the feelings of German Austria to tend to his side.

For the last fifteen years he has constantly developed and increased friendly relations with Austria and Russia. As regards France, whose friendship was impossible, he has kept Germany watchful and strong. Those legitimate needs and that security of Germany, which thirty years ago seemed unattainable for her, he has attained. Germany, which thirty years ago was hampered, weak, and in low esteem, is now esteemed, strong, and with her powers all at command. It was a great object, and the great *Reichskanzler* has attained it. Such are Prince Bismarck's victories.

I observe that Mr. John Morley, like many people in this country, speaks of the work of Prince Bismarck as something extremely precarious, and likely to crumble away and vanish as soon as the emperor William dies. "When the disappearance of Kaiser Wilhelm dissolves the fabric of the Triple Alliance, new light will be thrown on the stability of governments which are anti-democratic." In my opinion, Mr. Morley deceives himself. Advanced Liberals are always apt to think that a condition of things where the people cannot hold whatever meetings and processions they like, and wherever they like, is an unnatural condition and likely to dissolve. But I see no signs which show that Prince Bismarck and his policy will disappear with the emperor William. The crown prince is too judicious a man to desire it; even if he desired it, I doubt whether he could bring it about. The state of Germany is, unless I am much mistaken, more solid than our own. Prince Bismarck commits errors, the German character has faults, German life has deficiencies; but the situation there is a great deal more solid, and Prince Bismarck far more fixed in the national affections, than our Radicals suppose.

But now let us come to the victories of

Mr. Gladstone. Are they not victories only, but successes? that is, have they really satisfied vital needs and removed vital dangers of the nation? Sir Robert Peel's abolition of the Corn Laws may be said to have removed a risk of social revolt. But the general development of free trade cannot absolutely, as we are all coming to see, be said to have satisfied vital needs and removed vital dangers of the nation; free trade is not, it is now evident, a machinery making us by its own sole operation prosperous and safe; it requires, in order to do this, many things to supplement it, many conditions to accompany it. The general development of free trade we cannot, therefore, reckon to Mr. Gladstone as a success of the sort which stamps a statesman as gloriously successful. The case was one not admitting of a success of the kind. On foreign affairs I shall not touch; his best friends will not allege his successes there. But at home for a success of the kind wanted, a true and splendid success, Mr. Gladstone has had three great opportunities. He had them in dealing with the Irish Church, with the Irish land question, with obstruction in Parliament. In each case he won a victory. But did he achieve not only a victory, but that which is the only real and true success for a statesman? did he, by his victory, satisfy vital needs and remove vital dangers of his country? Did he in the case of the Irish Church? The object there for a statesman was to conciliate the Catholic sentiment of Ireland; did his measure do this? The Liberal party affirmed that it did, the Liberal newspapers proclaimed it "a great and genial policy of conciliation," and one of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues told us that the ministry had "resolved to knit the hearts of the empire into one harmonious concord, and knitted they were accordingly." True, there were voices (mine was one of them) which said differently. "It is fatal to the English nation," I wrote in "Culture and Anarchy," "to be told by its flatterers, and to believe, that it is abolishing the Irish Church through reason and justice when it is really abolishing it through the Nonconformists' antipathy to establishments; fatal to expect the fruits of reason and justice from anything but the spirit of reason and justice." This was unpopular language from an insignificant person, and was not listened to. But who doubts now that the Catholic sentiment of Ireland was not in the very least conciliated by the measure of 1868, and that the reason why it was not

and could not be conciliated by it was that the measure was of the nature above described?

The Irish Land Act, in like manner, was a victory but not a success. It was carried, it was applauded; the Liberal party duly extolled it as "a scheme based on Mr. Gladstone's unrivalled experience in the art of government." But did it satisfy vital needs and remove vital dangers? Evidently not; the legislation now proposed for Ireland is impregnable proof of it. Did the victory, again, achieved in the reform of procedure, achieved by Mr. Gladstone wielding a great majority and spending the time of Parliament without any stint, did this victory succeed? Did it satisfy the nation's needs and remove the nation's dangers as regards obstruction in the House of Commons? Why, the Conservatives have had to devise a fresh scheme, and the Liberal government has had to adopt it from them and is at this moment working in concert with them to mature it!

Well then, "our veteran statesman with his fifty years of victory behind him," with his "glorious antecedents," with his "unrivalled experience in the art of government," turns out, in the three crucial instances by which we can test him, not to have succeeded as a statesman at all, but on the contrary to have failed. "Let me try again," he is now saying. And Mr. Morley assures us that in "Mr. Gladstone's great abilities and human sympathy will be found the only means capable of solving the great Irish problem." The mass of Liberal voices chime eagerly in with Mr. Morley. I do not deny the great abilities and the human sympathy; I admit them to the fullest extent. I do not even say that Mr. Gladstone is to be blamed for not having succeeded. But succeeded, in the true sense of the word, he has not; his work as a statesman has hitherto failed to satisfy the country's vital needs, to remove the country's vital dangers. When, therefore, he proposes, in a most critical condition of things, to fall to work again on a bigger scale than ever, we may well feel anxious. We may well ask ourselves what are the causes which have kept him back from a statesman's true success hitherto, and whether they will not also keep him back from it in what he purposes to do now.

The reason why Mr. Gladstone has not succeeded hitherto in the real and high work of a statesman is that he is in truth not a statesman, properly so called, at all, but an unrivalled Parliamentary leader and

manager. A little development is needed to bring out clearly what I mean.

Mr. Gladstone is the minister of a party and a period of expansion, the minister of the Liberals — the Liberals whose work it should be to bring about the modern development of English society. He has many requisites for that leadership. Everybody will admit that in effectiveness as a public speaker and debater he cannot be surpassed, can hardly be equalled. Philosophers may prefer coolness and brevity to his heat and copiousness; but the many are not philosophers, and his heat and copiousness are just what is needed for popular assemblies. His heat and copiousness, moreover, are joined with powers and accomplishments, with qualities of mind and character, as admirable as they are rare. The absence in him of aristocratical exclusiveness is one of the causes of his popularity. But not only is he free from *morgue*, he has also that rarest and crowning charm in a man who has triumphed as he has, been praised as he has; he is genuinely modest. Every one should read in proof of this a beautiful and touching letter from him in Hope Scott's life, a letter so deeply modest, and yet breathing, at the same time, the very spirit of sincerity. If one could be astonished at anything in political partisans, I should be astonished at the insensibility of his opponents to the charm of Mr. Gladstone. I think him an unsuccessful, a dangerous minister; but he is a captivating, a fascinating personality.

Why then, with all these gifts and graces, does he fail as a statesman? Probably because, having to be the minister of the modern development of English society, he was born in 1809. The minister of a period of concentration, resistance, and war, may be spiritually rooted in the past; not so the minister of a work of civil development in a modern age. I once ventured to say to Lord Salisbury, before he became the leading personage he is now, that he interested me because, though a Conservative, he was reared in a post-Philistine epoch and influenced by it. I meant that his training had fallen on a time when a man of his powers and cultivation must needs get a sense of how the world is really going, a sense which the old time of routine and fictions was without. Lord Salisbury is a Conservative leader; his business is to procure stability and prominence for that which already exists, much of it undeniably precious. He may have a sense in his own inner mind of what is mere survival of

routine and fiction from the past and of how the modern world is really going, but that knowledge has not to be the grand spring and motor of his public action. A Liberal leader here in England is, on the other hand, a man of movement and change, called expressly to the task of bringing about a modern organization of society. To do this, he should see clearly how the world is going, what our modern tendencies and needs really are, and what is routine and fiction in that which we have inherited from the past. But of how few men of Mr. Gladstone's age can it be said that they see this! Certainly not of Mr. Gladstone. Some of whom it cannot be said may be more interesting figures than those of whom it can; Cardinal Newman is a more interesting figure, Mr. Gladstone himself is a more interesting figure, than John Stuart Mill. But a Liberal leader of whom it cannot be said that he sees how the world is really going is in a false situation. And Mr. Gladstone's perception and criticism of modern tendencies is fantastic and unsound, as his criticism of Homer is fantastic and unsound, or his criticism of Genesis. But he loves liberty, expansion; with his wonderful gifts for Parliamentary and public life he has naturally an irresistible bent to political leadership; he will lead the Liberal party. And he will lead it, he will lead this great party of movement and change, by watching their mind, adapting his programme to it, and relying on their support and his own inexhaustible resources of energy, eloquence, and management, to give him the victory.

But the task of providing light and leading is thus shifted upon men yet more incompetent for it than Mr. Gladstone. It is thrown upon the middle class in English society, the class where lay the strength of the Liberal party until the other day, and upon the working class, which conjointly with the middle class makes its strength now. Both are singularly bounded, our working class reproducing, in a way unusual in other countries, the boundedness of the middle. Both have invaluable qualities, closely allied, as generally happens, with their defects. The sense for conduct in our middle class is worth far more than the superior intellectual lucidity to be found in divorce from that sense among middle classes elsewhere; the English workman, as a great Swiss employer of labor testified to me the other day, is still the best in the world; the English peasant is patient, faithful, respectful, kindly, as no other.

But range of mind, large and clear views, insight—we must not go to our middle and lower class for these. Yet it is on our middle and lower class that the task is really thrown, Mr. Gladstone's gifts and deficiencies being what they are, of determining the programme of Liberal movement for our community, and indeed of determining the programme of our foreign policy also; while Mr. Gladstone finds the management and talents for insuring victory to the programmes so determined. Thus it is that our foreign policy has been what we have seen it; thus it came about that the Irish Church was abolished by the power of the Dis-senters' antipathy to Church establishments. And so we find that precisely the reverse happens of what Mr. Frederic Harrison bids us expect; the minister, says he, initiates, the untrained elector simply finds a good minister. "Now very plain men know how to find the set of ministers who wish them well and will bring them good." But we see that in fact our Liberal electorate has the task thrown upon it not only of choosing a good minister, but also of determining what the good shall be which this minister is to bring us.

Such, then, is our situation. A captivating Liberal leader, generous and earnest, full of eloquence, ingenuity, and resource, and a consummate Parliamentary manager—but without insight, and who as a statesman has hitherto not succeeded, but failed. A Liberal party, of which the strength and substance is furnished by two great classes, with sterling merits and of good intentions, but bounded and backward. A third factor in our situation must not be unnoticed—an element of Jacobinism. It is small, but it is active and visible. It is a sinister apparition. We know its works from having seen them so abundantly in France; it has the temper of hatred and the aim of destruction. There are two varieties of Jacobin, the hysterical Jacobin and the pedantic Jacobin; we possess both and both are dangerous.

At such a moment Ireland sends eighty-five Home Rulers to the House of Commons; and the Irish question, which had previously given to Mr. Gladstone so much occasion for showing how he can conquer without succeeding, must be dealt with seriously at last. What grand scope is here offered for the talents of the great Parliamentary manager! The thing is, to have the eighty-five Home Rulers voting solid with the Liberal party. How is it

to be effected? The generous and ardent feelings of Mr. Gladstone rush to his aid. Ireland has been abominably governed! True. Ireland desires autonomy more hotly than any other part of these islands desires it! Very naturally. Why then should we not give to the Irish what they so hotly desire? Why not indeed? responds the Liberal party. Only there must be no endowment of religion, no endowment, above all, of Popish superstition! There shall be none, says Mr. Gladstone. In that case, replies his Liberal following, go on and prosper! Let the Irish have what the majority of them like. It is the great blessedness for man to do as he likes; if men very much wish for a thing, we ought to give it them if possible. This is the cardinal principle of Liberalism; Mr. Fox proclaimed it.

Yes, Mr. Fox proclaimed it — the brilliant and generous schoolboy! But what would Burke have said to it? Nay, even a sagacious woman, who had closely watched a time of civil trouble, knew better. "*Quand les hommes se révoltent, ils sont poussés par des causes qu'ils ignorent; et, pour l'ordinaire, ce qu'ils demandent n'est pas ce qu'il faut pour les apaiser.*" Men are driven to revolt by causes not clearly known to them; and in general the thing they call for is not the thing requisite to content them. The observation is profoundly just and true.

The project of giving a separate Parliament to Ireland has every fault which a project of State can have. It takes one's breath away to find an English statesman propounding it. With islands so closely and inextricably connected together by nature as these islands of ours, to go back in the at least formal political connection attained, to make the political tie not closer but much laxer, almost to undo it — what statesmanship! And when, estranged from us in feeling as Celtic Ireland unhappily is, we had yet in Ulster a bit of Great Britain, we had a friend there, you propose to merge Ulster in Celtic Ireland! you propose to efface and expunge your friend! Was there ever such madness heard of?

Those Irishmen, who may happen to know anything about so unimportant a person as I am, will know that I am no enemy of Ireland. They will therefore, I hope, have patience with me while I tell them the truth. The more intensely the Irish desire a separate Parliament, the more it proves that they ought not to have one. If they cry out for a separate Irish Parliament when Scotland and Wales do

not cry out for a Scotch or Welsh Parliament, that is not a reason for giving such a Parliament to Ireland rather than to Scotland or Wales, but just the contrary. The Irish desire it so much because they are so exasperated against us. The exasperation is good neither for us nor for themselves. The thing is to do away with the sense of exasperation by removing its causes, to make them friends. The causes of the exasperation are not in our political tie with them, but in our behavior and treatment. Amend the behavior and treatment by all means. But simply to cut the Irish adrift in their present state of feeling, to send them away with the sense of exasperation rankling, with the memory of our behavior and treatment fresh in their minds, what is it but to leave the sense of exasperation to last forever, and to give them more full and free scope for indulging it? No gratitude for a measure which its supporters are already recommending by the ignoblest appeals to our fears will prevent this. To our fears the measure will be imputed; and to our fears or our foolishness, and to no more worthy or winning motive, will it indeed be due. Every guarantee we take, every limit we impose, will be an occasion for fret and friction. The temptation to the Irish legislature *ampliare jurisdictionem*, to extend and enlarge its range of action, will be irresistible; the very brilliancy and verve of Irishmen necessitate it. The proper public field for an Irishman of signal ability is the imperial Parliament. There his faculties will find their right and healthful scope; he is good for us there, and we for him. But he will find scope for his faculties in an Irish Parliament only by making it what it was not meant to be, and what it cannot be without danger. It will be a sensation Parliament — a Parliament of shocks and surprises.

Ask those "thoughtful Americans" who in conjunction with his own terrors are the mighty persuaders of Mr. Whitbread's mind, ask them what they would think of a proposal to make the South one homogeneous political body distinct from the North, and with a separate Congress in Richmond. They will laugh. The South, they will say, is certainly much inferior in strength and population to the North. But such a Congress would inevitably come to regard itself as a rival to the Congress at Washington, the Southern States which are in sympathy with the North would be swamped by those which are not; it would be a perpetual stimulus to seces-



sion. And then let Mr. Whitbread, if his tremors have left him any voice, ask his "thoughtful Americans" what it is which they are so thoughtfully and kindly exhorting him to do in Ireland.

This brings me to the challenge constantly thrown out to those who condemn Mr. Gladstone's plan of an Irish Parliament, to produce an alternative policy of their own. Why, really such a policy, in its main lines, which are all the state of the case at present requires, produces itself. Let us give to our South, not a single central Congress, but provincial legislatures. Local government is the great need for us just now throughout these islands; the House of Commons is far too large a body, and is weighted with much work which it ought not to have. But in Great Britain we have this difficulty: the counties would give us local legislatures too numerous, and not strong enough; and we have no provinces. The difficulty may be overcome, but a difficulty it is. But in Ireland it does not present itself; Ireland has four provinces. Ireland's strong desire for local government is no good reason for giving Ireland an Irish Parliament; but it is a good reason for seizing as promptly as possible any fit means for organizing local government there, and for so organizing it even before we organize it in Great Britain; and such means the Irish provinces supply. Munster and Connaught may probably be considered as of one character and some of western Ulster, as being of the same character, might go naturally with them. But we have at least three divisions in Ireland, each of them with a distinct stamp and character of its own, and affording, each of them, materials for a separate provincial assembly; Ulster proper, or British Ireland; Leinster, or metropolitan Ireland; Munster and Connaught, or Celtic Ireland. Evidently the assembly representing British Ireland would be one thing, the assembly representing Celtic Ireland quite another. Perhaps Leinster, the old seat of the capital and of metropolitan life, would give us an assembly different in character from either. So much the better. Each real and distinct part of Ireland would have its own legislature, and would govern its own local affairs; each part would be independent of the others, neither of them would be swamped by the others. The common centre would be the imperial Parliament at Westminster. There the foremost Irishmen would represent Ireland, while for the notables of each prov-

ince the provincial legislatures would afford a field.

It is deemed enough to say, in condemnation of any scheme of this kind, that it is not what the majority of the Irish are demanding, and that the eighty-five members who follow Mr. Parnell would not accept it. But carry it, and what would happen? Would not Ulster accept it? It is just what Ulster desires, while a general Irish Parliament is just what Ulster fears. Would Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, metropolitan and Celtic Ireland, refuse to accept? How would they carry their refusal into effect? They could only do so by the majority abstaining from the election of members for the provincial legislatures. But this would leave those assemblies to be elected by the minority, who would assuredly elect them gladly enough, but how would that suit the majority? No, the Home Rulers may say that nothing less than an Irish Parliament will they accept, and no wonder that, with Mr. Gladstone's offer before them, they should say so; but once carry a plan for establishing provincial legislatures, and they will come into it before long.

And indeed one cannot but at first feel astonishment that Mr. Gladstone should have preferred to such a plan his plan for an Irish Parliament. Last year I was often and often inclined to say as to Egypt: With one-tenth of the ingenuity and pains which Mr. Gladstone spends to prove, what neither he nor any one else ever can prove, that his Egyptian policy has been sagacious, consistent, and successful, he might have produced an Egyptian policy sagacious, consistent, and successful. So one may say now as to Ireland: With one-tenth of the ingenuity and pains which Mr. Gladstone is expending upon a bad and dangerous measure for Ireland, he might have produced a good and safe one. But alas, he is above all a great Parliamentary manager! Probably he is of the same opinion of Cardinal de Retz, who has been already mentioned; he thinks "that it takes higher qualities to make a good party leader than to make a good emperor of the universe." The eighty-five Parnellite members added to the Liberal majority, and enabling him, as he hopes, to defy opposition and to carry his measure victoriously, are irresistible to him. To the difficult work of a statesman he prefers the work for which he has such a matchless talent—the seemingly facile but really dangerous strokes of the Parliamentary tactician and party manager.

Not that he himself foresees danger



from it. No, that is the grave thing. He does not foresee danger. Statesmen foresee, Mr. Gladstone does not. He no more foresees danger from his Irish Parliament than he foresaw that his abolition of the Irish Church would not conciliate Catholic sentiment in Ireland, or that his Land Act would not conciliate the Irish peasant. He has no foresight because he has no insight. With all his admirable gifts he has little more real insight than the rank and file of his Liberal majority, people who think that if men very much want a thing they ought to have it, and that Mr. Fox's dictum makes this certain. It is this confiding majority under this unforeseeing leader which makes me tremble. Will anything ever awaken either the leader or the followers to a sense of danger? When the vessel of State is actually grinding on the rocks, will Mr. Gladstone be still cheerfully devising fresh strokes of management; and, when not engaged in applauding him, will Mr. Illingworth be still prattling about disestablishment and Mr. Stansfield about contagious disease?

I have long been urging "that the performance of our Liberals was far less valuable than they supposed, that their doings wanted more of simple and sincere thought to direct them, and that by their actual practice, however prosperous they might fancy themselves, they could not really succeed." But now they do really seem to have done what the puzzled foreigners imagine England altogether has done — to have reached the nadir. They have shown us about the worst that a party of movement can do, when that party is bounded and backward and without insight, and is led by a manager of astounding skill and energy, but himself without insight likewise. The danger of our situation is so grave that it can hardly be exaggerated. People are shocked at even the mention of the contingency of civil war. But the danger of civil war inevitably arises whenever two impossible parties, full of hatred and contempt for each other, with no mediating power of reason to reconcile them, are in presence. So the English civil war arose when, facing and scornfully hating one another, were two impossibilities; the prerogative of the king and the license of the Cavaliers on the one side, the hideousness and immense *ennui* of the Puritans on the other. The Vendean war arose out of a like collision between two implacable impossibilities: the old *régime* and Jacobinism. Here lies the danger of civil war in Ire-

land, if the situation cannot find rational treatment; Protestant ascendancy is impossible, but the Ulster men will not let bunglers, in removing it, drag them down to a lower civilization without a struggle. Nay, the like danger exists for England itself. Change we must; but if a Liberal party with no insight, led by a victorious manager who is no statesman, brings us to failure and chaos, the existing England will not let itself be ruined without a struggle.

Therefore at the present time that need for us, on which I have so often and so vainly insisted, to let our minds have free and fair play, no longer to deceive ourselves, to brush aside the claptrap and fictions of our public and party life, to be lucid, to get at the plain, simple truth, to see things as they really are, becomes more urgent, more the one thing needful for us, than ever. That sentence of Butler, which I have more than once quoted in past times, acquires now a heightened, an almost awful significance. "*Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we desire to be deceived?*" The laws which govern the course of human affairs, which make this thing salutary to a nation and that thing pernicious, are not of our making or under our power. Our wishing and asserting can avail nothing against them. Lord Ripon's calling Mr. Gladstone's antecedents glorious cannot make them other than what they are — Parliamentary victories, but a statesman's failures. Mr. Morley's "great triumph," in the election of "three hundred and thirty Liberal members, more or less, who without excessive arrogance may be taken to be the best men in the way of intelligence and honesty that the Liberal party can produce," cannot make the Liberal party, both in and out of Parliament, other than what it is — a party of bounded and backward mind, without insight. Deluders and deluded, the utterers of these phrases may fancy them solid while they utter them; the hearers while they hear them. But solid they cannot make them; and it is not on the thing being asserted and believed, but on its really being true or false, that our welfare turns.

Whatever may be the faults of the Liberal party, "the Conservative party at any rate," says Mr. Bradlaugh, "is blind;" and here, too, of course, there is danger. The Conservative party is the party of stability and permanence, the party of resistance to change; and when the Liberal party, the party of movement, moves un-

wise and dangerous changes, recourse will naturally be had, by sensible men, to the Conservative party. After all, our country as it is, as the past has made it, as it stands there before us, is something; it is precious, it shall not lightly be imperilled by the bungling work of rash hands. Burke from such a motive threw himself on the Conservative forces in this country to resist Jacobinism. But no solution of the problems of national life is to be reached by resting on those forces absolutely. Burke would have been far more edifying for us to-day if he had rested on them less absolutely. What has been said of the urgent need of seeing things as they really are is of general application, and applies to Conservative action as well as Liberal. If Conservative action is blind, we are undone. True, for the moment our pressing danger is just now from the Liberal party and its leader. If they cannot be stopped and defeated the thing is over, and we need not trouble ourselves about the Conservative party and its blindness. But supposing them defeated, the Conservative programme requires to be treated just like the Liberal, to be surveyed with a resolutely clear and fair mind.

Now there is always a likelihood that this programme will be just to maintain things as they are, and nothing further. Already there are symptoms of danger in the exhortations, earnestly made and often repeated, to keep faith with the Irish proprietor to whose security England, it is said, has pledged herself; to secure the Irish land-owners and to prevent the scandal and peril of Catholic supremacy in Ireland.

As to Catholicism, it has been the great stone of stumbling to us in Ireland, and so it will continue to be while we treat it inequitably. Mr. Gladstone's bill treats it inequitably. His bill withholds from the Irish the power to endow or establish Catholicism. That, he well knows, is the one exception which his Liberal followers make to their rule, borrowed from Mr. Fox, that if men very much wish to do a thing we should let them do it. To endow Catholicism they must not be permitted, however much they may wish it. That provision alone would be fatal to any sincere and lasting gratitude in Ireland for Mr. Gladstone's measure. If his measure is defeated it would be fatal to repeat his mistake. Why should not the majority in Ireland be suffered to endow and establish its religion just as much as in England or Scotland? It is precisely

one of those cases where the provincial legislatures should have the power to do as they think proper. Mr. Whitbread's "thoughtful Americans" will tell him that in the United States there is this power, although to the notions and practice of America, sprung out of the loins of Non-conformity, religious establishments are unfamiliar. But even in this century, I think, Connecticut had an established Congregational Church, and it might have an Established Church again to-morrow if it chose. Ulster would most certainly not establish Catholicism. If it chose to establish Presbyterianism it should be free to do so. If the Celtic and Catholic provinces chose to establish Catholicism, they should be free to do so. So long as we have two sets of weights and measures in this matter, one for Great Britain and another for Ireland, there can never be concord.

The land question presents most grave and formidable difficulties, but undoubtedly they are not to be got rid of by holding ourselves pledged to make the present Irish landlords' tenure and rents as secure as those of a landlord in England. We ought not to do it if we could, and in the long run we could not do it if we would. How greatly is a clear and fair mind needed here! and perhaps such a mind on such a subject the Conservatives, the landed party, do not easily attain. We have always meant and endeavored to give to the Irish landlord the same security that the English has. But the thing is impossible. Why? Because at bottom the acquiescence of the community makes the security of property. The land system of England has, in my opinion, grave disadvantages; but it has this acquiescence. It has it partly from the moderation of the people, but more from the general conduct and moderation of the landlords. If many English landlords had borne such a reputation as that which the first Lord Lonsdale, for instance, acquired for himself in the north, the English landed system would not have had this acquiescence. In Scotland it has it in a less degree, and is therefore less secure; and, whatever the Duke of Argyll may think, deservedly. Let him consult the Tory Johnson for the past, and weigh, as to the present, the fact that Mr. Winans is possible. But it has it in a considerable degree, though in a lower degree than England. Ireland has it in the degree to be expected from its history of confiscation, penal laws, absenteeism—that is to say, hardly at all. And we are bound in good faith, we are

pledged to obtain, by force if necessary, for the Irish landlord the acquiescence and security which in England come naturally! We are bound to do it for a landed system where the landowners have been a class with whom, in Burke's words, "the melancholy and invidious title of grantees of confiscation was a favorite;" who "would not let time draw his oblivious veil over the unpleasant means by which their domains were acquired;" who "abandoned all pretext of the general good of the community"! But there has been great improvement, you say; the present landowners give in general little cause for complaint. Absenteeism has continued, but ah! even if the improvement had been ten times greater than it has, Butler's memorable and stern sentence would still be true: "Real reformation is in many cases of no avail at all towards preventing the miseries annexed to folly *exceeding a certain degree*. There is a certain bound to misbehavior, which being transgressed, there remains no place for repentance in the natural course of things." But a class of altogether new and innocent owners has arisen. Alas! every one who has bought land in Ireland has bought it with a lien of Nemesis upon it. It is of no use deceiving ourselves. To make the land-owner in the Celtic and Catholic parts of Ireland secure as the English land-owner is impossible for us.

What is possible is to bear our part in his loss; for loss he must incur. He must incur loss for folly and misbehavior, whether on his own part or on that of his predecessors, *exceeding a certain degree*. But most certainly we ought to share his loss with him. For when complaints were addressed to England, "the double name of the complainants," says Burke, "Irish and Papist (it would be hard to say which singly was the more odious), shut up the hearts of every one against them." All classes in Great Britain are guilty in this matter; perhaps the middle class, the stronghold of Protestant prejudice, most. And, therefore, though the Irish landlords can, I think, be now no more maintained than were the planters, yet to some extent this country is bound to indemnify them as it did the planters. They must choose between making their own terms with their own community, or making them with the imperial Parliament. In the latter case, part of their indemnity should be contributed by Ireland, part, most certainly, by ourselves. Loss they must, however, expect to suffer, the land-owners of the Celtic and Catholic provinces at any

rate. To this the English Conservatives, whatever natural sympathy and compassion they may entertain for them, must clearly make up their minds.

On the reasonableness of the Conservative party our best hope at present depends. In that nadir of Liberalism which we seem to have reached, there are not wanting some signs and promise of better things to come. Lord Rosebery, with his freshness, spirit, and intelligence, one cannot but with pleasure see at the Foreign Office. Then the action of Lord Hartington and Mr. Trevelyan inspires hope; that of Mr. Chamberlain inspired high hope at first, but presently his attitude seemed to become equivocal. He has, however, instincts of government—what M. Guizot used to call "the governmental mind." But the mass of the great Liberal party has no such instincts; it is crude and without insight. Yet for the modern development of our society, great changes are required, changes not certainly finding a place in the programme of our Conservatives, but not in that of our Liberals either. Because I firmly believe in the need of such changes, I have often called myself a Liberal of the future. They must come gradually, however; we are not ripe for them yet. What we are ripe for, what ought to be the work of the next few years, is the development of a complete and rational system of local government for these islands. And in this work all reasonable Conservatives may heartily bear part with all reasonable Liberals. That is the work for the immediate future, and besides its own great importance, it offers us a respite from burning questions which we are not ripe to treat, and a basis of union for all good men. The development of the working class amongst us follows the development of the middle. But development for our bounded and backward middle class can be gained only by their improved education and by the practice of a rational, large, and elevating system of local government. The reasonableness and co-operation of the Conservatives are needed to attain this system. By reasonableness, by co-operation with reasonable Liberals, they have it in their power to do two good things; they can keep off many dangers in the present, and they will be helping to rear up a Liberalism of more insight for the future.

But is it possible, and is there time? Will not the great Parliamentary manager, with his crude Liberal party of the present, sweep everything before him

now? The omens are not good. At Munich a few weeks ago I had the honor to converse with a wise and famous man, as pleasing as he is learned, Dr. Döllinger. He is an old friend of Mr. Gladstone. We talked of Mr. Gladstone, with the interest and admiration which he deserves, but with misgiving. His letter to Lord de Vesci had just then appeared. "Does it not remind you," Dr. Döllinger asked me, "of that unfortunate French ministry on the eve of the Revolution, applying to the nation for criticisms and suggestions?" Certainly the omens are not good. However, that best of all omens, as Homer calls it, ourselves to do our part for our country, is in our own power. The circumstances are such that desponding and melancholy thoughts cannot be banished entirely. After all, we may sometimes be tempted to say mournfully to ourselves, nations do not go on forever. In the immense procession of ages, what countless communities have arisen and sunk unknown, and even the most famous nation, perhaps, is only for its day. Human nature will have in dark hours its haunting apprehensions of this kind. But till the fall has actually come, no firm English mind will consent to believe of the fall that it is inevitable, and of "the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good-nature, and good-humor of the English people," that their place in the world will know them no more.

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From Good Words.  
THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK II.—THE THORNY WAY.

CHAPTER X.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THERE was a momentary silence, and then, as the door closed, Millicent laid her hands upon her husband's shoulders, and gazed tenderly in his face.

"Robert, my own!" she whispered.

No more; her eyes bespoke the mother's joy at this breaking down of the ice between father and daughter. Then a look of surprise and pain came into those loving eyes, for Hallam repulsed her rudely.

"It is your doing, yours, and that cursed parson's work. The child has been taught

to hate me. Curse him! he has been my enemy from the very first."

"Robert—husband! Oh, take back those words!" cried Millicent, throwing herself upon his breast. "You cannot mean it. You know I love you too well for that. How could you say it!"

She clung to him for a few moments, gazing wildly in his face, and then she seemed to read it plainly.

"No, no, don't speak," she cried tenderly. "I can see it all. You are in some great trouble, dear, or you would not have spoken like that. Robert, husband, I am your own wife; I have never pressed you for your confidence in all these money troubles you have borne; but now that something very grave has happened, let me share the load."

She pressed him back gently to a chair, and, overcome by her flood of love, he yielded and sank slowly back into the seat. The next instant she was at his knees, holding his hands to her throbbing breast.

"No, I don't mean what I said," he muttered, with some show of tenderness; and a loving smile dawned upon Millicent's careworn face.

"Don't speak of that," she said. "It was only born of the trouble you are in. Let me help you, dear; let me share your sorrow with you. If only with my sympathy there may be some comfort."

He did not answer, but sat gazing straight before him.

"Tell me, dear. Is it some money trouble? Some speculation has failed?"

He nodded.

"Then why not set all those ambitious thoughts aside, dear husband?" she said, nestling to him. "Give up everything, and let us begin again. With the love of my husband and my child, what have I to wish for? Robert, we love you so dearly. You, and not the money you can make, are all the world to us."

He looked at her suspiciously, for there was not room in his narrow mind for full faith in so much devotion. It was more than he could understand, but his manner was softer than it had been of late, as he said, "You do not understand such things."

"Then teach me," she said, smiling. "I will be so apt a pupil. I shall be working to free my husband from the toils and troubles in which he is ensnared."

He shook his head.

"What, still keeping me out of your heart, Rob!" she whispered, with her eyes beaming love and devotion. Then,

half playfully and with a tremor in her voice, "Robert, my own brave lion amongst men, refuse the aid of the weak mouse who would gnaw the net?"

"Bah! you talk like a child," he cried contemptuously. "Net, indeed!" and in his insensate rage, he piled his hatred upon the man who had stepped in to save him. "But for that cursed fellow, Bayle, this would not have happened."

"Robert, darling, you mistake him. You do not know his heart. How true he is! If he has gone against you in some business matter, it is because he is conscientious and believes you wrong."

"And you side with him, and believe me wrong?"

"I?" she cried proudly. "You are my husband, and whatever may be your trouble, I stand with you against the world."

"Brave girl!" he cried warmly; "now you speak like a true woman. I will trust you, and you shall help me. I did not think you had it in you, Milly. That's better."

"Then you will trust me?"

"Yes," he said, raising one hand to his face, and beginning nervously to bite his nails. "I will trust you; perhaps you can help me out of this cursed trap."

"Yes, I will," she cried. "I feel that I can. Oh, Robert, let it be always thus in the future. Treat me as your partner, your inferior in brain and power, but still your helpmate. I will toil so hard to make myself worthy of my husband. Now tell me everything. Stop! I know," she cried; "it is something connected with the visits of that Mr. Crellock, that man you helped in his difficulties years ago."

"I helped? Who told you that?"

She smiled.

"Ah! these things are so talked of. Mrs. Pinet told Miss Heathery, and she came and told me. I felt so proud of you, dear, for your unselfish behavior towards this man. Do you suppose I forget his coming on our wedding day, and how troubled you were till you had sent him away by the coach?"

"You said nothing?"

"Said nothing! Was I ever one to pry into my husband's business matters? I said to myself that I would wait till he thought me old enough in years, clever enough in wisdom, to be trusted. And now after this long probation, you will trust me, love?"

He nodded.

"And your troubles shall grow less by being shared. Now tell me I am right

about it. Your worry now is due to this Mr. Crellock?"

"Yes," he said in a low voice.

"I knew it," she said. "You have always been troubled when he came down, and when you went up to town. I knew as well as if you had told me that you had seen him when you went up. There was always the same harassed, careworn look in your eyes; and Robert, darling, if you had known how it has made me suffer, you would have come to me for consolation if not for help."

"Ah! yes, perhaps."

"Now go on," she said firmly, and rising from her place by his knees, she took a chair and drew it near him.

"There," she said, smiling, "you shall see how business-like I will be."

He sat with his brow knit for a few minutes, and then drew a long breath.

"You are right," he said. "Stephen Crellock is mixed up with it. You shall know all. And mind this, whatever people may say——"

"Whatever people may say!" she exclaimed contemptuously.

"I am innocent; my hands are clean."

"As if I needed telling that," she said with a proud smile. "Now I am waiting, tell me all."

"Oh, there is little to tell," he said quickly. "That fellow Crellock, by his plausible baits, has led me into all kinds of speculations."

"I thought so," she said to herself.

"I failed in one, and then he tempted me to try another to cover my loss; and so it went on and on, till——"

"Till what?" she said with her eyes dilating; and a chill feeling of horror began to creep to her heart.

"Till the losses were so great that large sums of money were necessary, and——"

"Robert!"

"Don't look at me in that way, Milly," he said, with a half-laugh, "you are not going to begin by distrusting me?"

"No, no," she panted.

"Well, till large sums were necessary, and the scoundrel literally forced me to pledge some of the deeds and things held by the bank."

She felt the evil increasing; but she forced it away with the warm glow of her love.

"I've been worried to death," he continued, "to put these things straight, and it is this that has kept me so poor."

"Yes, I see," she cried. "Oh, Robert, how you must have suffered!"

"Ah! Yes, I have," he said; "but



never mind that. Well, I was getting things straight as fast as I could; and all would now have been right again had not Bayle and his miserable jackal, Thickens, scented out the trouble, and they have seized me by the throat."

"But, Robert, why not clear yourself? Why not go to Sir Gordon? He would help you."

"Sir Gordon does not like me. But there, I have a few days to turn myself round in, and then all will come right; but if —"

He stopped, and looked rather curiously.

"Yes?" she said, laying her hand in his.

"If my enemies should triumph. If Bayle —"

"If Mr. Bayle —"

"Silence!" he said. "I have told you that this man is my cruel enemy. He has never forgiven me for robbing him of you."

"You did not rob him," she said tenderly. "But are you not mistaken in Mr. Bayle?"

"You are, in your sweet womanly innocence and trustfulness. I tell you he is my enemy, and trying to hound me down."

"Let me speak to him."

"I forbid it," he cried fiercely. "Choose your part. Are you with me or the men whom I know to be my enemies? Will you stand by me whatever happens?"

"You know," she said with a trustful smile in her eyes.

"That's my brave wife," he said. "This is better. If my enemies do get the better of me — if, for Crellock's faults, charges are brought against me — if I am by necessity forced to yield, and think it better to go right away from here for a time — suddenly — will you come?"

"And leave my mother and father?"

"Are not a husband's claims stronger? Tell me, will you go with me?"

"To the world's end, Robert," she cried, rising and throwing her arms about his neck. "I am even glad this trouble has come."

"Glad!"

"Yes, for it has taught you at last the strength of your wife's love."

He drew her to his heart, and kissed her, and there she clung for a time.

"Now listen," he said, putting her from him. "We must be business-like."

"Yes," she said firmly.

"The old people must not have the least suspicion that we have any idea of leaving."

"Might I not bid them good-bye?"

"No. That is, if we left. We may not have to go. If we do, it must be suddenly."

"And in the mean time?"

"You must wait."

Just then the door opened, and Thisbe appeared.

"There's a gentleman to see you, sir — that Mr. Crellock."

"Show him in my study, and I'll come."

Thisbe disappeared, and Millicent laid her hand upon her husband's arm.

"Don't be afraid," he said quietly. "I know how to deal with him now. Only trust me, and all shall be well."

"I do trust you," said Millicent, and she sat there with a face like marble listening to her husband's step across the hall, and then sat patiently for hours, during which time the bell had been rung for the spirit-stand and hot water, while the fragrant fumes of tobacco stole into the room.

At last there were voices and steps in the hall; the front door was opened and closed, and as Millicent Hallam awoke to the fact that she had not been up to see her child since she went to bed, and that it was nearly midnight, Hallam entered the room, looking more cheerful, and crossing to her he took her in his arms.

"Things are looking brighter," he said. "We have only to wait. Now, mind this — don't ask questions — it is better that I should not go to the bank for a few days. I am unwell."

Millicent looked at him hard. Certainly his eyes were sunken, and for answer, as she told herself that he must have suffered much, she bowed her head.

## CHAPTER XI.

### GETTING NEAR THE EDGE.

"QUITE out of the question," said James Thickens.

"But what is there to fear?"

"I don't know that there is anything to fear," said Thickens drily. "What I know is this, and I've thought it over. You are not going up to town with him, but by yourself to get this money — if you still mean it."

"If I still mean it! There, go on."

"Well, you will go up, and sign what you have to sign, get this money in notes, not warrants, and bring it down yourself."

"But Hallam will think it so strange — that I mistrust him."

"Of course he will. So you do; so do I. And after thinking this matter over, I



am going to have that money deposited here, and I'm going to redeem the bonds and deeds myself, getting all information from Hallam."

"But this will be a hard and rather public proceeding."

"I don't know about hard, and as to public, no one will know about it but we three, for old Gemp will not smell it out. He is down with the effects of a bad seizure, and not likely to leave his bed for days."

"But, Thickens —"

"Mr. Bayle, I am more of a business man than you, so trust me. You are making sacrifice enough, and are not called upon to study the feelings of one of the greatest scoundrels —"

"Oh! hush! hush!"

"I say it again, sir — one of the greatest scoundrels that ever drew breath."

Bayle frowned, and drew his own hard.

"I don't know," he said, "that I shall care to carry this money — so large a sum."

"Nonsense, sir, a packet of notes in a pocket-book. These things are comparative. When I was a boy I can remember thinking ninepence a large amount; now I stand on a market-day shovelling over gold, and fingering over greasy notes and cheques, till I don't seem to know what a large sum is. You take my advice, go and get it without saying a word to Hallam about it; and I tell you what it is, sir, if it wasn't for poor Mrs. Hallam and that poor child, I should be off my bargain, and go to Sir Gordon at once."

"I will go and get the money, without Hallam, Thickens; but as I undertook to go with him, I shall write and tell him I have gone."

"Very well, sir, very well. As you please," said Thickens; "I should not; but you are a clergyman, and more particular about such things than I am."

Bayle smiled, and shook hands, leaving Thickens looking after him very intently as he walked down the street.

"He wouldn't dare!" said Thickens to himself thoughtfully. "He would not dare. I wish he had not been going to tell him though. Humph! dropping in to see poor old Gemp because he has had a fit."

He paused till he had seen Bayle enter the old man's house, and then went on muttering to himself.

"I never could understand why Gemp was made; he never seems to have been of the least use in the world, though, for the matter of that, idlers don't seem much good. Hah! If Gemp knew what I

know, there'd be a crowd round the bank in half an hour, and they'd have Hallam's house turned inside out in another quarter."

"I don't like his telling Hallam about his going," he mused. "It is a large sum of money, though I made light of it, and the mail's safe enough. We've about got by the old highwayman days, but I wish he hadn't told him all the same."

Meanwhile the curate had turned in at Gemp's to see how the old fellow was getting on.

"Nicedly, sir, very nicedly," said the woman in charge; "he've had a beautiful sleep, and Doctor Luttrell says he be coming round to his senses fast."

Poor old Gemp did not look as if he had been progressing nicely, but he seemed to recognize his visitor, and appeared to understand a few of his words.

But not many, for the old man kept putting his hand to his head and looking at the door, gazing wistfully through the window and then heaving a heavy sigh.

"Oh! don't you take no notice o' that, sir, said the woman; "that be only his way. He's been used to trotting about so much that he feels it a deal when he is laid up, poor old gentleman; he keeps talking about his money, too, sir. Ah! sir, it be strange how old folks do talk about their bit o' money when they're getting anigh the time when they won't want any of it more."

And so on till the curate rose and left the cottage.

That night he was on his way to London, after sending in a line to Hallam to say that upon second thoughts he had considered it better to go up to town alone.

Three days passed with nothing more exciting than a few inquiries after Hallam's health, the most assiduous inquirer being Miss Heathery, who called again on the third evening.

"I know you think me a very silly little woman, Millicent, my dear, and I'm afraid perhaps I am, but I do like you, and I should like to help you now you are in trouble."

"I always did, and always shall, think you one of my best and kindest friends, Miss Heathery," replied Millicent, kissing her.

"Now that's very kind of you, Millicent. It's touching," said Miss Heathery, wiping her eyes. "You do think me then a very dear friend?" she said, clinging to Mrs. Hallam, and gazing plaintively in her face.

"Indeed I do."

"Then may I make a confidant like of you, dear?"

"Yes, certainly," said Millicent.

"But first of all can I help you nurse Mr. Hallam, or take care of Julie?"

"Oh! no, thank you; Mr. Hallam is much better, and Julie is happiest with Thisbe."

"Or Mr. Bayle," said Miss Heathery; "but I have not seen her with him lately. Oh! I forgot, he has gone to London."

"Indeed!" said Millicent, starting, for she connected his absence with her husband's trouble.

"Yes; gone two, three days; but, Millicent dear, may I speak to you plainly?"

"Of course. Tell me," said Millicent, smiling, and feeling amused as she anticipated some confidence respecting an engagement.

"And you are sure you will not feel hurt?"

"Trust me, I shall not," said Millicent, with her old grave smile.

"Well then, my dear," whispered the visitor, "it is about money matters. You know I have none in the bank now, because I bought a couple of houses, but I have been asking, and I find that I can borrow some money on the security, and I thought—there! I knew you would feel hurt."

For Millicent's eyes had begun to dilate, and she drew back from her visitor.

"I only meant to say that I could not help knowing you—that Mr. Hallam kept you—ah! I don't know how to say it, Millicent dear, but—but if you would borrow some money of me, dear, it would make me so very happy."

The tears sprang to Millicent's eyes as she rose and kissed her visitor.

"Thank you, dear Miss Heathery," she cried. "I shall never forget this unassuming kindness, but it is impossible that I can take your help."

"Oh! dear me! I was afraid you would say so, and yet it is so sad to run short. Couldn't you really let me help you, my dear?"

"No; it is impossible," said Millicent, smiling gently.

"Is it quite impossible?" said Miss Heathery.

"Yes, dear, but believe me, if I were really in great need I would come to you for help."

"You promise me that, dear?" cried the little woman, rising.

"I promise you that," said Millicent, and her visitor went away overjoyed.

## CHAPTER XII.

ROBERT HALLAM WANTS FRESH AIR.

"THAT woman seemed as if she would never go," said Hallam, entering the room hastily, and glancing at the clock.

"She does like to stop and chat," replied Millicent, wondering at his manner. "What are you going to do?"

"I am off for a short run. I cannot bear this confinement any longer. It is dark, and no one will see me if I go out for a change."

"Shall I go with you?"

"Go with me! No; not now," he said hastily. "I want a little fresh air. Don't stop me. I shall be back soon."

His manner seemed very strange, but Millicent said nothing, only followed him into the hall.

"No, no," he said hastily; "don't do that. It is as if you were watching me."

She drew back in a pained way, and he followed her.

"I'm pettish and impatient, that's all," he said, smiling; and closing the door after her, he hurriedly put on a cloak and travelling-cap, muffling his face well; and then going softly out, and turning from the main street, he was soon after in the lane that led down by Thickens's house and the mill.

"At last!" said a voice from the hedge-side, just beyond where the last oil lamp shed a few dim rays across the road. "I thought you were never coming."

"Don't talk. Have you everything ready?"

"Yes, everything. It is only a cart, but it will take you easily."

"And are you sure of the road?"

"Certain. I've done it twice so as to be sure."

"Good horse?"

"Capital. We can get over the twenty miles in three hours, and catch the York coach easily by twelve. It does not pass before then."

"Mind, Stephen, I'm trusting you in this. If you fail me——"

"If I fail you! Bah! Did I ever fail you?"

"No, never."

"Then don't talk like that. You've failed me pretty often, all the same. Going?"

"Yes; I must get back."

"What's that—the Castor coach?"

"Yes," said Hallam, starting. "It's early."

"Don't be longer than you can help,

but, I say, have you plenty of money for the journey? I've only a guinea or two left."

"I have enough," said Hallam grimly; and bidding his companion wait three hours, and if he did not come then to go back and come the next night, Hallam turned to hurry back to the town.

It was intensely dark as he approached the mill, where the stream was gurgling and plashing over the waste-water shoot. In the distance there was the oil lamp glimmering, and a light or two shone in the scattered cottages, but there was none at Thickens's as Hallam passed.

There was a space of about a hundred yards between Thickens's house and the next cottage, and Hallam had about half traversed this when he heard a step that seemed familiar coming, and his doubt was put an end to by a voice exclaiming, "Mind! Take care!"

Was it fate that had put this in his way?

He asked himself this as, like lightning, the thought struck him that Bayle had just come off the coach—he the sharer in the knowledge of his iniquity.

A sharp struggle, and close at hand there was the bridge and the flowing river. It might have been an accident. But even then there was Thickens. What if he closed with him and—disguised as he was, Bayle could never know. He was the bearer of that heavy sum of money! He intended flight that night; was it fate, he asked himself again, that had thrown this in his way? And as the thoughts flashed through his brain, they encountered roughly upon the path, and Hallam's hand touched the thick pocket-book in Bayle's breast.

It was a matter of moments. Even to Hallam it was like an encounter in a dream. A blind desire to possess himself of the money he had touched had come over him; and reckless now, half mad, he seized Bayle by the throat. There was a furious struggle, a few inarticulate cries, a heavy fall, and he was kneeling upon him, and dragging the pocket-book from his breast.

All, as it were, in a dream!

Millicent Hallam stood listening at the window to her husband's steps, and then pressed her hands to her burning forehead to try to think more clearly about her position. It was so hard to think ill of Bayle; she could not do it; and yet her husband had said he was his enemy, and fighting against him to destroy him. Be-

sides, Bayle had not been near them for days. It was so strange that he should go away without telling her!

And so, as she stood there, the two currents of thought met—that which ran love and trust in her husband, and that which was full of gentle sisterly feeling for Bayle; and as they met there was tumult and confusion in her brain, till the first current proved the stronger, and swept the latter aside, running strongly on towards the future.

"He is my husband, and he trusts me now as I trust him," she said proudly. "It is impossible. He could do no wrong."

She went up to the bedroom where Julie lay asleep, and stood watching the sweet, happy little face for some time, ending by kneeling down, taking one of the little hands in hers, and praying fervently for help, for guidance, and for protection in the troubled future, that seemed to be surrounding her with clouds. How dense they seemed! How was it all to end? Would she be called upon by her husband to leave their home and friends, and go far away? Well, and if that were her fate, husband and child were all in all to her, and it was her duty.

"He trusts me now," she said, smiling; and feeling happier and more at rest than she had for months with their petty cares and poverty and shame, she bent over and kissed Julie, when the child's arms were clasped about her neck and clung there for a moment, before dropping listlessly back upon the bed.

Passing her hand over the child's forehead to be sure that she was cool and that no lurking fever was there, Millicent went down to the dining-room again, to sit and listen for the coming step.

She had heard the coach come and go, but instead of the place settling down again into its normal quiet, there seemed to be a great many people about, and hurrying footsteps were heard, such as would be at times when there was an alarm of fire in the town.

And yet it was not like that. More, perhaps, as if there were some meeting, and the steps died away.

For a moment or two Millicent had been disposed to summon Thisbe, and send her to see what was wrong; but on drawing aside the curtains and looking out, the street seemed deserted, and though there were a few figures in the market-place, they did not excite her surprise.

"I am overwrought and excited," she said to herself. "Ah! at last!"

There was no mistaking that step, and starting up, she ran into the hall to admit Hallam, who staggered in, closed the door quickly, and catching her hand, half dragged her into the dining-room.

She clung to him in affright, for she could see that the cloak he wore was torn and muddied, that his face was ghastly pale, and that as he threw off his travelling cap, there was a terrible swelling across his forehead, as if he had received some tremendous blow.

"Robert," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Hush," he said quickly; "be quiet and calm. Has Thisbe gone to bed?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so."

"Quick, then; a basin and water, sponge and towel. I must bathe this place."

"Did you fall?" she cried, as she hastily helped him off with the cloak.

"No. But quick; the water."

She hurried away, shivering with the dread of some new trouble to come, but soon returned with the sponge, and busied herself in bathing the hurt.

"I was attacked—by some ruffian," said Hallam hoarsely, as the water trickled and plashed back in the basin. "He struck me with a bludgeon and left me senseless. When I came to he was gone."

"Robert, you horrify me!" cried Millicent. "This is dreadful."

"Might have been worse," he said coolly. "There, now dry it, and listen to me the while."

"Yes, I am listening," she said, forcing herself to be firm, and to listen to the words in spite of the curious doubting trouble that would oppress her.

"As soon as I go up-stairs to put a few things together and get some papers, you will put on your bonnet and cloak, and dress Julie."

"Dress Julie!"

"Yes," he said harshly, "unless you wish me to leave you behind."

"You are going away, then?"

"Yes, I am going away," he said bitterly, "after hesitating, with a fool's hesitation, all these days. I ought to have gone before."

"How strangely you speak!" she said.

"Don't waste time. Now go."

"One word, love," she whispered imploringly; "do we go for long?"

"No; not for long," he said. And then, with an impatient gesture, "Bah!" he exclaimed; "yes, forever."

She shrank from him in alarm.

"Well," he said harshly, as he glanced at his injury in the mirror, "you are hesi-

tating. I do not force you. I am your husband, and I have a right to command; but I leave you free. Do you wish to stay?"

A feeling of despair so terrible that it seemed crushing came over Millicent. To go from the home of her childhood—to flee like this with her husband, probably in disgrace, even if only through suspicion—was for the moment more than she could bear; and as he saw her momentary hesitation, an ugly sneering laugh came upon his face. It faded, though, as she calmly laid her hand upon his arm.

"Am I to take any luggage?" she said.

"Nothing but your few ornaments of value. Be quick."

She raised her lips and kissed him, and then seemed to glide out of the room.

"Yes," he said, "I have been a fool and an idiot not to have gone before. Curse the fellow; who could it be?" he cried, as he pressed his hand to his injured forehead.

He took out his keys and opened a drawer in a cabinet, taking from it a hammer and cold chisel, and then stood thinking for a few moments before hurrying out, and into a little lobby behind the hall, from which he brought a small carpet-bag.

"That will just hold it," he said, "and a few of the things that she is sure to have."

He turned into the dining-room, going softly, as if he were engaged in some nefarious act. Then he picked up the hammer and chisel, and was about to return into the hall, when he heard a low murmur, which seemed to be increasing, and with it the trampling of feet, and shouts of excited men.

"What's that?" he cried, with his countenance growing ghastly pale; and the cold chisel fell to the floor with a clang.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A HUMAN STORM.

THE woman who had been acting the part of nurse to old Gemp was seated by the table, busily knitting a pair of blue worsted stockings, by the light of a tallow candle, and every few minutes the snuff had so increased, and began to show so fungus-like a head, that the needles had to be left, a pair of snuffers taken out of their home in a niche that ran through the stem of the tin candlestick, and used to cut off the light-destroying snuff, with the effect that the snuffers were not sufficiently pinched to, and a thread of pale

blue smoke rose from the incandescence within, and certainly with no good effect as far as fragrance was concerned.

Old Gemp had been a great deal better. He had been up and dressed, and sat by the fireside for a couple of hours that afternoon, and had then expressed his determination not to go to bed.

But his opposition was very slight, and he was got to bed, where he seemed to be lying thinking, and trying to recall something which evidently puzzled him. In fact all at once he called his nurse.

"Mrs. Preddle! Mrs. Preddle!"

"Yes," said that lady with a weary air.

"What was I thinking about when I was took badly?"

"I don't know," said the woman sourly.

"About somebody else's business, I suppose."

Old Gemp grunted, and shook his head. Then he was silent, and lay staring about the room, passing his hand across his forehead every now and then, or shaving himself with one finger, with which all at once he would point at his nurse.

"I say!" he cried sharply.

"Bless the man! how you made me jump!" cried Mrs. Preddle. "And, for goodness' sake, don't point at me like that! Easy to see you're getting better, and won't want me long."

"No, no! don't go away!" he exclaimed. "I can't think about it."

"Well, and no wonder neither! Why, bless the man! people don't have bad fits o' 'plexy and not feel nothing after! There, lie still, and go to sleep, there's a good soul! It'll do you good."

Mrs. Preddle snuffed the candle again, and made another unpleasant smell of burning, but paid no heed to it, fifty years of practice having accustomed her to that odor — an extremely common one in those days, when in every little town there was a tallow-melter, the fumes of whose works at certain times made themselves pretty well known for some distance round.

This question was repeated by old Gemp at intervals all through the evening.

"What was I thinking about when I was took badly?" and Mrs. Preddle became irritated by his persistence.

But this made no difference whatever to the old man, who scraped his stubby chin with his finger, and then pointed to ask again. For the trouble that had been upon his mind when he was stricken hung over him like a dark cloud, and he was always fighting mentally to learn what it all meant.

"What was it? — what was it? What

was I thinking about?" Over and over and over, and no answer would come. Mrs. Preddle went on with her knitting, and ejaculated "Bless the man!" and dropped stitches, and picked them up again, and at last grew so angry that, upon old Gemp asking her, for about the hundredth time that evening, that same wearisome question, she cried out, —

"Drat the man! how should I know? Look ye here, if you — oh! I won't stand no more of this nonsense!" She rose and went into the kitchen. "Doctor Luttrell said if he got more restless he was to have it," she grumbled to herself, "and he's quite unbearable to-night!"

She poured out a double dose from a bottle left in her charge, and chuckled as she said to herself, "That'll quiet him for the night."

Old Gemp was sitting up in bed when she returned to the bedroom; and once more his pointing finger rose, and he was about to speak, when Mrs. Preddle interfered.

"There, that'll do, my dear! and now you've got to take this here physic directly, to do you good."

The old man looked at her in a vacant, helpless way for a few moments, and then his countenance grew angry, and he motioned the medicine aside.

"Oh, come now, it's of no use! You've got to take it, so now then!"

She pressed the cup towards his lips; but the old man struck at it angrily, and it flew across the room, splashing the bed with the opium-impregnated liquid, and then shattering on the cemented floor.

"Well, of all the owd rips as ever I did see!" cried the woman. "Oh, you are better, then!"

"What was I thinking about when I was took badly?" cried Gemp, pointing, as if nothing had happened.

"Oh, about your money in the bank for aught I know!" cried the woman.

"Ha!"

"The old man clapped his hands to his forehead, and held them there for a few minutes, staring straight before him at the bedroom wall.

He had uttered that ejaculation so sharply that the woman started, and recoiled from him, in ignorance of the fact that she had touched the key-note that had set the fibres of his memory athrill.

"Why, what's come to you?" she said. "Sakes, man, you're not worse?"

Old Gemp did not reply for a few moments. Then, stretching out one hand, and pointing to his nurse, —



"Go and fetch doctor. Go at once! Quick, I say, quick!"

The woman stared in alarm for a few moments, and then, catching her bonnet and shawl from a nail, she hurriedly put them on and went out.

"And I've been a-lying here," panted Gemp, sliding his legs out of bed, and dressing himself quickly. "I remember now. I know. And perhaps all gone — deeds, writings — all gone. I knew there was something wrong — I knew there was something wrong!"

In five minutes he was out in the street, and had reached his friend the tailor, who stared aghast at him at first, but as soon as he heard his words blazed up as if fire had been applied to tow, and then subsided with a cunning look.

"Let's keep it quiet, neighbor," he said; "and go to-morrow morning, and see what we can do with Hallam. Ah!" he cried, as a thought flashed across his mind, "he has not been at the bank these three or four days. You're right, neighbor, there is something wrong."

Just at that moment, seeing the door open, another neighbor stepped in, heard the last words, and saw Gemp's wild, miserly face agitated by the horror of his loss.

"What's wrong?" he cried.

"Wrong? That scoundrel Hallam! that thief! that —"

The new-comer started.

"Don't say there's owt wrong wi' Dixons?" he panted.

"Yes, yes!" cried Gemp. "My deeds! my writings! I saw parson and Thicken's busy together. They were tackling Hallam when I was took badly. Hallam's a rogue! I warned you all — a rogue! a rogue! See how he has been going on!"

"Neighbor," groaned the new-comer, "they've got all I have in the world up yonder in the bank."

"Oh, but it can't be true," said the tailor, with a struggle to catch at a straw of hope.

"Ay, but it is true," said the last comer, whose face was ghastly; "and I'm a ruined man!"

"Nay, nay, wait a bit. P'raps Hallam has only been ill."

"Ill! It was he, then, I'll swear, I saw to-night, walk by me in a cloak and cap. He were going off. Neighbors, are we to sit still and bear a thing like this?"

"I'll hev my writings, I'll hev my writings!" cried Gemp hoarsely, as he clawed at the air with his trembling hands.

"Is owt wrong?" said a fresh voice,

and another of the Castor tradesmen sauntered in, pipe in mouth.

In another minute he knew all they had to tell, and the light was indeed now applied to the tow. Reason and common sense were thrown to the winds, and a wild, selfish madness took their place.

Dixons', the stable, the most substantial house in the county, the stronghold where the essence of all the property for miles round was kept, was now a bank of straw; and the flame ran from house to house like the wildfire it was. Had an enemy invaded the place, or the fire that burns, there could not have been greater consternation. The stability of the bank touched so many; while, as the news flew from mouth to mouth, hundreds who had not a shilling in the bank, never had, nor ever would have, took up the matter with the greatest indignation, and joined in the excitement, and seemed the most aggrieved. There was nothing to go upon but old Gemp's suspicion; but that spark had been enough to light the fire of popular indignation, and before long, in the midst of a score of different proposals, old Gemp started for the bank, supported by his two nearest neighbors, and across the dim market-place the increasing crowd made its way.

Mr. Trampleasure was smoking his evening cigar on the step of the private door of the bank. The cigar, a present from Sir Gordon; the permission to smoke it there a present from Mrs. Trampleasure.

He heard wonderingly the noise of tumult, saw the crowd approaching, and prudently went in and shut and bolted the doors, going up to a window to parley with the crowd, as the bell was rung furiously, and some one beat at the door of the bank with a stick.

"What is it?" he said.

"My deeds! my writings!" cried Gemp. "I want my deeds!"

"Who's that? Mr. Gemp? My dear sir, the bank's closed, as you know. Come to-morrow morning."

"No, no! Give the man his deeds. Here, break down the door!" cried a dozen voices; and the rough element that was to be found in King's Castor, as well as elsewhere, uttered a shout, and began to kick at the door.

"Come away, Gemp. We shall get nothing if these fellows break in."

"Look here!" cried a shrill voice at the window; and there was a cessation of the noise, as Mrs. Trampleasure leaned out. "We've got pistols and blunderbusses



here, as you all know, and if you don't be off, we shall fire."

"Open the doors then," cried a rough voice.

"We haven't got the keys. Mr. Thickens keeps them."

There was a shout at this, for the crowd, like all crowds, was ready to snatch at a change, and away they ran towards the mill. In five minutes, though, they were tearing back, failing to find Thickens; and a cry had been raised by the man with the rough voice, and one of the poorest idlers of the town, the keenest redresser of wrong now.

"Hallam's! to Hallam's!" he yelled. "Hev him out, lads. We'll hev him out. Hurray, lads, come on!"

The tradesmen and depositors at Dixons' Bank looked aghast now at the mischief done. They saw how they had opened a crack in the dam, and that the crack had widened, the dam had given way, and the turbulent waters were about to carry all before them.

It was in vain to speak now, for the indignant poor were in the front and the tailor, Gemp, and others who had been the leaders in the movement found themselves in a pitiful minority, and were ready to retreat.

But that was impossible now. They were in the crowd, and were carried with them across the market-place and down the street, to Hallam's house, where they beat and thumped at the door.

There was no answer for a few minutes, and they beat and roared. Then some one threw a stone and smashed a pane of glass. This earned a cheer and a shower of stones followed, the panes shivering and tinkling down inside and out of the house.

Millicent was wrong when she said that Thisbe had gone to bed, for that worthy was having what she called a quiet read in her room, and now as the windows were breaking, and Millicent was shielding Julie, whom, half-awake, she had just dressed, there was an increase in the roar, for Thisbe had gone down, more indignant than alarmed, and thrown open the door.

Then there was a dead silence, the silence of surprise, as Thisbe stood in the doorway, and as a great hulking lad strove to push by her, struck him a sounding slap on the face.

There was a yell of laughter at this, and silence again, as Thisbe spoke.

"What do you want?" she cried boldly.

"Hallam! Hallam! In with you, lads; fetch him out."

"No, no; stop, stop! My deeds, my writings!" shrieked Gemp; but his voice was drowned in the yelling of the mob, who now forced their way in, filling the hall, the dining and drawing rooms, and then making for the old-fashioned staircase.

"He's oop-stairs, lads; hev him down!" cried the leader, and the men pressed forward with a yell, their faces looking wild and strange by the light of the lamp and the candle Thisbe had placed upon a bracket by the stairs.

But here their progress was stopped by Millicent, who pale with dread, but with a spot as of fire in either cheek, stood at the foot of the staircase, holding the frightened child to her side, while Thisbe forced her way before her.

"What do you want?" she cried firmly.

"Thy master, missus. Stand aside, we won't hurt thee. We want Hallam."

"What do you want with him?" cried Millicent again.

"We want him to give oop the money he's stole, and the keys o' bank. Stand aside wi' you. Hev him down."

There was a crash, a struggle, and Millicent and her shrieking child were dragged down roughly, but good-humoredly, by the crowd that filled the hall, while others kept forcing their way in. As for Thisbe, as she fought and struck out bravely, her hands were pinioned behind her, and the group were held in a corner of the hall, while with a shout the mob rushed upstairs.

"Here, let go," panted Thisbe to the men who held her. "I won't do so any more. Let me take the bairn."

The men loosed her at once, and then formed a ring about their prisoners.

"Let me have her, Miss Milly," she whispered, and she took Julie in her arms, while Millicent, freed from this charge, made an effort to get to the stairs.

"Nay, nay, missus. Thou'rt better down here," said one of her gaolers roughly; and the trembling woman was forced to stay, but only to keep imploring the men to let her pass. Meanwhile the mob were running from room to room without success; and at each shout of disappointment a throb of hope and joy made Millicent's heart leap.

She exchanged glances with Thisbe.

"He has escaped," she whispered.

"More shame for him, then," cried Thisbe. "Why ain't he here to protect his wife and bairn?"

At that moment a fierce yelling and cheering was heard up-stairs, where the

mob had reached the attic door and detected that it was locked on the inside.

The door was strong, but double the strength would not have held it against the fierce onslaught made, and in another minute, amidst fierce yelling, the tide began to set back, as the word was passed down, "They've got him."

Millicent's brain reeled, and for a few moments she seemed to lose consciousness; but as she saw Hallam, pale, bleeding, his hair torn and dishevelled, dragged down the stairs by the infuriated mob, her love gave her strength. Wrestling herself from those who would have restrained her, she forced her way to her husband's side, flung her arms about him as he was driven back against the wall, and, turning her defiant face to the mob, made of her own body a shield.

There was a moment's pause, then a yell, and the leader's voice cried, —

"Never mind her. Hev him out, lads, and then clear the house."

There was a fresh roar at this, and then blows were struck right and left in the dim light; the lamp was dashed over; the light curtains by the window, where it stood, blazed up, and cast a lurid light over the scene. For a moment the crowd recoiled as they saw the flushed and bleeding face of Christie Bayle, as he struck out right and left till he had fought his way to where he could plant himself before Millicent and her husband, and try to keep the assailants back.

The surprise was only of a few minutes' duration.

"You lads, he's only one. Come on! Hallam; let's judge and jury him."

"You scoundrels!" roared Bayle, "a man must be judged by his country, and not by such ruffians as you."

"Hev him out, lads, 'fore the place is burnt over your heads."

"Back! stand back, cowards!" cried Bayle; "do you not see the woman and the child? Back, out of the place, you dogs!"

"Dogs as can bite, too, parson," cried the leader. "Come on." He made a dash at Hallam, getting him by the collar, but only to collapse with a groan, so fierce was the blow that struck him on the ear.

Again there was a pause — a murmur of rage, and the wooden support of the valance of the curtains began to crackle, while the hall was filling fast with stifling smoke.

One leader down another sprang in his place, for the crowd was roused.

"Hev him out, lads! Quick, we have

him now." There was a rush, and Hallam was torn from Millicent's grasp — from Christie Bayle's protecting arms, and with a yell the crowd rushed out into the street, lit now by the glow from the smashed hall windows and the fire that burned within.

"My husband! Christie — dear friend — help, oh! help!" wailed Millicent, as she tottered out to the front in time to see Bayle literally leap to Hallam's side and again strike the leader down.

It was the last effort of his strength, and now a score of hands were tearing and striking at the wretched victim, when there was the clattering of horses' hoofs and a mounted man rode right into the crowd with half-a-dozen followers at his side.

"Stop!" he roared; "I am a magistrate. Constables, do your duty."

The mob fell back, and as five men, with whom was Thickens, seized upon Hallam, Millicent tottered into the circle and sank at her husband's knees.

"Saved!" she sobbed, "saved!"

For the first time Hallam found his voice, and cried, as he tried to shake himself free, —

"This — this is a mistake — constables. Loose me. These men —"

"It is no mistake, Mr. Hallam; you are arrested for embezzlement," said the mounted man sternly.

"Three cheers for Sir Gordon Bourne and Dixons!" shouted one in the crowd.

Christie Bayle had just time to catch Millicent Hallam in his arms as her senses left her, and with a piteous moan she sank back utterly stunned.

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S POLICY.

Is it too much to hope that statesmen will, upon the second reading of the Irish Government Bill, discuss the measure and the alternative, resolving, with Lord Salisbury, "to thrust aside as utter rubbish this recrimination between parties"? What, too, is the use of reprinting Sir James Graham's opinion against home rule when we know that of free trade he said it would reduce all our institutions to their primitive elements, and lead people to "pull down our houses about our ears"? "Who cares for a career?" says Mr. Trevelyan in the most heroic vein, and at once he and Mr. Chamberlain show they care so very much that they proceed

to infringe the rules of the game. To a statesman his career, that is, his position and influence among the people, is everything; therefore he not unfrequently turns aside from the strict line of discussion to disparage any one to whom he is opposed by reference to his "mistakes." Mr. Gladstone is not an angel; he has an extraordinary memory, yet less than any other man of much speaking has he made use of this procedure. Perhaps he knows its futility. He has often been generous, even humble, in admission of error. He is, it seems, too generous in regard to that favorite taunt about the South. He said at Newcastle, and again, I think, in Manchester, that the Southern States had made themselves a "nation." It was true. At that time they were in possession of the attributes of a nation. I rejoice that the North unmade them. A nation may be made and unmade; the argument is relative to Ireland, and I will pursue it so far as to say that the most essential character of a nation is common action within well-recognized boundaries for definite political objects. That character may be obliterated by external force; the sentiment and the unity which make a nation may be destroyed and the main purpose of its people may be turned by self-interest into another and a stronger, broader stream. Nationality may survive after conquest or annexation, but there are exceptions; it has lived in Poland; it is dead in Savoy; it has a sort of statutory existence, in defiance of all laws of race and of language, in Belgium; and we who consent to the principle of home rule are prepared to give it recognition in Ireland where it is favored by insular conditions.

What a history has been that of the British government of Ireland since the Union! The unhappy viceroy who began it wrote: "I long to kick those whom I am obliged to court. I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work;" and the most British of Irish ministers has, after stormy years of like experience, just been laid to rest in a Yorkshire churchyard. Weary of this age of failure, Mr. Gladstone has proposed a bill which has the fullest courage of Charles Fox's opinion, that "the more Ireland is under Irish government the more she will be bound to English interest." The consequences have been startling. Mr. Chamberlain dropped his plan of a National Council directly he saw Mr. Gladstone's scheme, and in doing so made the wise and true admission that his or any other plan would have a "fatal defect"

if it were rejected by the representatives of the Irish people.

The bill provides that as to the affairs of the empire, the Irish are to have no more say than the Canadians, or the Manxmen, or the Jerseymen. Although I have long looked, as Mr. Chamberlain now looks, for solution in the federal direction, I am bound to admit that Mr. Gladstone's bill, together with so large a body of Irish assent, has in its favor that it is in accord with the facts of British policy, and that it does not bar the way to a federal arrangement. I dare say many other speakers have felt, as I have, some embarrassment in addressing an audience composed of Irish and British in regard to the fact that our imperial history, our flag, our diplomacy, our embassies are all strictly "British," and that we have no single word to express our unity with the Irish people. In conference or congress, our plenipotentiaries take their seats for Great Britain. Everything is "British" in the correspondence of the Foreign Office, and Ireland never appears, except as India now figures in the titles of the sovereign at the head of a treaty. If this bill passes we shall at least be free from all such difficulty and delicacy when we employ the language of blue books in the presence of Irishmen.

Mr. Gladstone does not admit that the imperial Parliament will have other power of taxation in Ireland than it has in Canada. Mr. Trevelyan applied to the charge which Ireland will bear the somewhat odious title of "tribute." The prime minister's exposition of the intricacy of the customs and excise arrangements of the two islands proved extremely useful in more firmly establishing the practical necessity for fiscal unity. It will be well if the British people declare, with no uncertain voice, that such union is a fundamental law which cannot be infringed. Mr. Gladstone regards his bill as embodying two principal propositions; one, that the Irish representation at Westminster shall cease in its present form, unless in the case of constitutional amendment concerning Ireland; and the other, that the fiscal unity of the empire shall be absolutely maintained. He cites the crown, the defence, and the foreign and colonial relations, as three subjects which belong "as a principle to the legislature under the Act of Union sitting at Westminster." This is sound, but it is condemnatory of the provisions of the bill, especially of the former of those two propositions. It seems impossible that any one with

Mr. Gladstone's knowledge of the subject should be able to regard the bill as an enduring settlement. Objections are few to the device of two orders, though of course that will in quick time bring back Irish members to Westminster and will disappear. Bi-cameral legislation is one of the most inveterate superstitions of mankind; but it is noteworthy that wherever a single chamber has been tried, whether in the troubled politics of Athens for the last twenty years, in the German Empire, or at Ontario, the system has tended to moderation, to order, and to good government. The veto given to the first order for a minimum period of three years, whether a dissolution does or does not occur in that time, is ultra-Conservative, and may be reduced if the bill goes forward. If we were to alter the veto of the Lords, no one would dream of suggesting that it should endure over such a period. As the twenty-eight peers will not die *en masse*, Mr. Gladstone has had to exhibit the difficulty of dealing with occasional vacancies under a general system of proportional representation.

The prime minister must observe the high level to which he has raised this great question. No other man of this century could, by the exercise of personal will, have so changed in a few weeks the whole tone and character of public thought and discussion. Mr. Gladstone has compelled Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Trevelyan to travel at least as far as he himself has gone. But their starting-point was very different, and though they are as much moved, their relative position is unchanged. Wittingly or not, they have buried their former selves upon this question, and Lord Hartington's "madness" is as far behind his present attitude as is Mr. Chamberlain's National Council, or Mr. Trevelyan's refusal to acknowledge the existence of a "half-way house." Mr. Gladstone is evidently conscious of the defect in his own scheme, and aware that it could only be made complete by further changes, to which it will no doubt give birth. I do not believe, with Mr. Chamberlain, that the prime minister has offered to Ireland something "he is not prepared to offer with an equal hand to Scotland and to other parts of the United Kingdom." I think the scheme does maintain "the limitations which he has always declared himself determined to preserve." Mr. Chamberlain was obviously wrong in assuming that the legislature of Ireland set up by the bill is of equal and co-ordinate authority with that established

by the Act of Union; and his objection to give the Irish legislature authority in all matters not excluded by the bill is somewhat inconsistent with his new and tardy arrival at the federal standpoint. Lord Hartington's admirable speech included an attempt to put into the Act of Union that which is not in it, namely, that the Parliament of the United Kingdom is to be "the sole legislative body for Great Britain and Ireland." He has encouraged the Tories to believe that if there were an appeal to the country they might not be "placed in the minority in which they now find themselves;" and, having said that, Lord Hartington was free from all responsibility as to an alternative scheme. Mr. Gladstone's repudiation of the existence of fundamental laws, of which Lord Hartington complained, was nothing but a dutiful defence of the absolute powers of Parliament. It is a curious fact that the word "fundamental" occurs only in that article of the Act of Union of which the sovereign sanctioned the repeal in 1869.

I am inclined to agree with Lord Hartington that if "these kingdoms are to be a United Kingdom, the people will never tolerate any real inequality between the institutions of the three kingdoms," and "it is quite possible when the task is taken in hand," that "perhaps even national organization and co-ordination of local authorities may be required in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales." With what a bound Lord Hartington's calm and liberal mind has here responded to the movement of Mr. Gladstone's genius! How far has "moderate" opinion travelled since Sir Fitzjames Stephen descended amid loud plaudits from the bench and settled the whole matter with an assertion in seven columns that Ireland is part of the British nation! Of course Lord Hartington is right in pointing out that the difference between Ireland and a colony is that Canada may, and that Ireland may not, form part of any foreign country. Lord Hartington is really moving fast to federation, while he seems to linger upon "the mingled system of remedial and repressive legislation," which is a treatment of the inflammation of Ireland with the lancet of small arms and with poultices of British gold. All too late is the caution that Ireland has "been made the battle-ground of political parties." Lord Salisbury cannot renounce "the immense historic weight of that determination" by which he set the official seal of permanence upon that condi-

tion. The present operation of the Act of Union is doomed. Any one may read this as surely in Lord Hartington's speech as in that of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Trevelyan's scheme was still-born. Mr. Gladstone must have chuckled over his suggestion of a new authority in Ireland from which all power upon such homely things as "valuation and assessment" is to be excluded. Mr. Trevelyan must let the dead bury their dead; he may inter his Warwickshire speech together with his new scheme, and follow far onward till he reaches the federal idea, the reasonable "half-way house" between the intolerable condition of the present and that separation which he regards as possible, and I as impossible. Mr. Morley supplied the missing link between the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington and that of Mr. Gladstone. He reconciled all in the assertion — or was it an apology? — that "the state of Ireland will not wait until the scheme of federation is adjusted and framed." There is no valid objection to the principle of federation in Lord Hartington's truism that "authority brought to bear in Ireland of a federal character will be felt to be the coercion of a less powerful State by a more powerful neighbor." The successful exercise of authority has always — it had in the United States — that character. Lord Hartington is clearly emerging, Mr. Chamberlain is already free from the "dilapidated policies" of the past; the Liberal who goes back upon them will be guilty of treason against principles of progress and the interests of the United Kingdom. I have no patience with the argument that we are not to move because the members of an Irish legislature will be ruffians. If that be so, why are not the names of those who voted against the extension of the franchise in Ireland held in special honor? Members of Parliament are but the passing shadows which denote the moods of the national mind. I cannot indict a whole nation; I leave that to Sir Fitzjames Stephen. The mood of the Irish people cannot remain the same after the passing of such legislation.

If then, "the state of Ireland will not wait" while we are discussing federal union, and if Mr. Gladstone is, as we know he is, prepared to give to Great Britain that which he proposes for Ireland, then it seems probable that the prime minister must be aware of the defect in his scheme, and that he has put it forward with the conviction that it places no impediment in the way of federal re-

construction. It is not unlikely that after looking anxiously into the wide field of such federal reconstruction Mr. Gladstone has, as "an old Parliamentary hand," been governed by regard for that which Lord Macaulay says has been the rule of our Parliaments from the age of John to the age of Victoria, — that the measure of innovation should be as precisely as possible that of the evil to which a remedy is to be applied. It will not surprise me if, in spite of Mr. Morley's declaration, this matter should have to "wait till the scheme of federation is adjusted and framed," and if the interval should be filled up with another and a still more costly and calamitous failure of the policy of "mingled remedy and repression" than any of the past. The government plan innovates less than any complete scheme of federation because that must, at the least, involve a partition between imperial and British business.

The bill leaves Ireland within the Union; but by giving legal effect to our constant assertion that our foreign and colonial policy, and in fact all our imperial policy, is "British," it reduces by an appreciable degree the political status of Irishmen. The majority in Ireland does not object to the bill on this ground. Yet we can readily imagine what a very eloquent and glowing protest Lord Dufferin could pen against being translated into the resemblance of some one no nearer to the external policy of the United Kingdom than a Canadian or even an Australian.

The bill, however, does indirectly innovate upon the British practice. If it were passed, home rule would be established by the act, not in Ireland only, but also in Great Britain. Our Parliament at Westminster would be just as much a home-rule Parliament for this island as would be that which the act would set up in Dublin for the kingdom of Ireland. But it would be a home-rule Parliament for Britain with the whole weight of imperial functions superadded and to be discharged by it alone unless the matter in question involved alteration of the act. Mr. Gladstone may triumph in that he has made the question ministerial; that the leaders of sections as well as of parties have held themselves carefully and conspicuously clear from denial of the principle of the bill. Not a word was said by Lord Hartington, Lord Randolph Churchill, or Mr. Chamberlain which would prevent them each and all from supporting a general scheme of home rule for the United Kingdom, with common action for imperial



affairs. For the Tory leader it was unsafe ground to take, that the solution of the Irish problem may await the break-up of the Irish party, and absurdly untrue to treat the argument from geography as a novel exhibition in favor of such a principle of government. There is no resemblance in the Irish party of to-day to those which have preceded it. They were not controlled by the people of Ireland and by the Irish in America. They were acted upon and disintegrated by influences as corrupting, if not as corrupt, as those which sickened the heart of Lord Cornwallis. One of the points of settlement in any bargain between the two islands will be that great Britain must accept responsibility for the life interests of the extravagantly paid functionaries of Ireland. In Ireland there is not probably a barrister earning two-thirds of the amount of a judicial salary. Through generations the forensic talent of Ireland has thus been lured away by salaries and payments so unjustifiable as to partake the character of bribery. To such influences Mr. Parnell's party has never been, and could never be, open. But geography! Of all arguments in support of the principle of the bill, which is simply that of separate legislative authority for domestic affairs, geography is the most forcible. It is the argument which is of more practical strength than any based upon race or religion. It is a condition which precedes that of race, and which no conquest, not even extermination, can obliterate. We may conceive an exodus of the Irish people, but in days of such widespread suffrage we cannot imagine a population habiting Ireland without development of demand for self-government. I do not believe the demand would be less if the Scottish settlers of the north were throughout the whole island in a majority as large as that of the Roman Catholics. It would seem less urgent because it would meet with less resistance. It would arise out of their geographical and geological conditions, which are of superior force to those of race or religion, in moulding the circumstances of mankind. The government has failed to produce arguments which completely overcome the objection that this bill would establish taxation without representation in Ireland. In equity, our colonies ought to contribute as Ireland will under the bill—as India is occasionally made to contribute—to imperial expenditure. But we have no power, or no disposition to exercise our power to force the colonies to do their

duty in this matter, and we do not attempt towards them the policy which Great Britain would undoubtedly pursue in regard to Ireland. In consideration of that distinction, Ireland is within the bond of the Union, and although the bill does not actually infringe the Union, yet it has a semblance to repeal such as may be withdrawn without destruction of its principle. There are two ways of removing this forbidding aspect; one by admission to the imperial Parliament of a limited representation from the Irish people, or of a delegation from the Irish legislature, which under the circumstances could not bear strict relation to the proportion of population, but might be relative to the fiscal contribution. Such an arrangement could without difficulty be carried into the bill. Though clumsy and tentative, an amendment of that sort would be agreeable to the methods of Parliament. The other way, and the more enduring and effective, of bringing the project into greater accord with public opinion, would be by the introduction of another bill reconstructing the Parliament of the United Kingdom. If that were done, it might not be desirable in such a bill to go a step further or faster than the demand. If Englishmen and Welshmen are content, and Scotsmen are satisfied with the transaction of Scottish business at Westminster, that may be the place, and the House of Commons the chamber, for all legislation dealing with the internal affairs of Great Britain. We should then need only such arrangements of business and of executive as might provide for the due discharge also within the Palace of Westminster of the concerns of the empire in the Parliament of the United Kingdom which would endure as constituted by the Act of Union. If the House of Commons were reduced to about four hundred and fifty members, it would not lose in strength or efficiency, and the difficulty of manning the legislatures would be reduced. It may be foretold that we shall proceed to some federal arrangement, but none can say by what path we shall attain that end. Many of those who now lean to support the principle of the government bill demand an outward and visible sign stronger than its clauses contain, but not more efficient than may be added in committee, that the Union is preserved. This may for a time be satisfied by a new clause, providing for a limited representation—perhaps by delegation—of Ireland at Westminster. But that will not close the question. If the discharge by Ireland of the payment



stated in the bill be not taxation without representation, then it resembles tribute; a term scarcely compatible with such a Union as that of 1800. If the bill should be defeated on the second reading, or in committee, it will be followed at no distant time by proposals from the same place of authority of yet greater scope, maintaining the United Kingdom and its Parliament as indissoluble and extending the principle of home rule for the unity and welfare of the empire.

Mr. Goschen's recent political life has been a monotony of objection. Listening with admiration to his speeches, I have concluded that, like his political economy, his political mind has sometimes, in the concerns of democracy at home, a false bottom. His spirit wanders between the two parties, seeking rest and finding none. In his theory of foreign exchanges, he is excellent because he is thorough; but look at his theory of Irish discontent! He says: "The difficulty is agrarian; therefore it is not enough to say that the whole basis of the mischief is that the laws are foreign." Surely the agrarian law of Ireland — those Anglo-Norman policies and customs which have led to such accumulation that fewer than three hundred persons appear, by Lord Derby's return, to be the owners of more than one-third of the whole country — is especially foreign. Surely no wrong we have wrought in Ireland is comparable with that of planting this alien land system. It is one of the humiliations of human nature to note the prejudice — for it cannot be ignorance — with which so acute a person regards the Irish problem. Mr. Goschen actually expresses surprise that in an agricultural country, in which the land laws are such as no free people in Europe would tolerate, the views of reform are those of no other State of Europe. Nor does he, who would be so scrupulous with Turks or Greeks, stick at misrepresentation. No one has said that "prairie value should be the limit of the right of property in land." It has been urged — I do not approve — that such should be the limit of the owner's claim where all beside that value has been added by others.

Is the Purchase Bill "an obligation of policy and a dictate of honor," or may we also say with Mr. Gladstone that in it he provides an "absolute security"? These terms are not destructive one of the other, but if we accept either, the other may be disregarded. We cannot but do that which honor and policy dictate; it would be absurd in such a case to decline "ab-

solute security." Mr. Gladstone would probably agree that there can be no obligation upon Parliament to lend public money on any security which no private person would accept. I have always regarded the act of 1881 as an award made by the only competent arbitrator in the long-disputed claims of landlord and tenant, which were developed by the peculiar conditions of Irish husbandry. Such a definition was a necessary antecedent to any plan for promoting peasant proprietorship. The bill seems to apply only to the lands dealt with by that act, together with holdings on lease. Demesne lands, lands in hand, woods, town parks, and grazing lands are excluded. Mr. Gladstone's speech dispelled in a moment the current nonsense that the government proposed to "buy out" the landlords. If the State were buying them out it would have to consider a claim for severance of their rented land from the reserved portions of their estates. The expropriation is entirely voluntary. The "State authority" seems to be established upon Mr. Morley's plea that "Ireland will not wait" for something of a more ordinary character. The distinction between encumbrances and charges is understood to be that the former comprise family annuities and the latter mortgages. We have no estimate in partition, but we have Mr. Hussey's statement that the total burden on Irish agricultural land is about £84,000,000, upon an estimated annual value of £14,000,000. Twenty years' purchase of that rental would bring us to the vast amount which Mr. Gladstone mentioned in June, 1883. But the bill has no such scope. The main question, of course, is that of security. If the terms are upheld the money will be called for. There are a thousand estates waiting sale in Ireland. I venture to say there are farms in Essex which no one would buy at twenty years' purchase of the net rent of 1885. In some cases that rent is nominal; a large part is returned to the tenant, if there be one. The judicial rent in Ireland may be not less nominal; according to Sir James Caird, it is on most holdings a fact founded upon fiction. No owner of cultivated land would be equitably dealt with by expropriation upon the offer of prairie value. But I do not know why an Irish owner should, under the circumstances, obtain from the State more than present value. A reduction of twenty per cent. is considerable for Irish estates, where, as a rule, there is no outlay by the landlord upon repairs or improvements. A grave

question to which the bill gives rise is whether the valuing authority will have due regard to the interests of the Treasury. It may be said that both the Irish and the imperial governments will have a common interest in close dealing with the landlord. But in these matters there is always a disposition to treat the individual interest tenderly; and in Ireland there is a deep-rooted love of British gold. Those who refer to the interested connection of Irish landlords with the Church Bill will meet with instructive information. Upon the reversion of the tithes to the landowners, the *Times* in 1869 wrote of the "corrupt and corrupting part of the bill." There should be no flaw of that sort in the Land Purchase Bill. The question for each member of Parliament to consider is, whether, if these new consols had no other security than that afforded in Ireland, would he, assuming him to be satisfied with the rate of interest, be a voluntary purchaser? Neither Mr. Chamberlain nor Mr. Trevelyan appears to have put the matter on a right footing. Mr. Chamberlain ought not to be willing to risk £113,000,000 on condition that the risk is in "an integral part of the United Kingdom," and Mr. Trevelyan's much-applauded objection to guarantee £500,000 to a duke, while a doctor is to remain "without compensation of any kind," was, perhaps, as near as so accomplished a man can go to nonsense. Parliament is equally concerned with the duke and with the doctor. But the former has, by the hypothesis, in his possession a great part of a natural monopoly, as to which it is desirable for public interests that ownership and occupation should be united.

Everything depends upon whether or not Mr. Trevelyan is right in declaring that "you will never see the color of your money." I cannot distinguish in principle between this bill and that of 1885, to which he consented. The liability is ten times as great. But the act of 1885 was avowedly experimental. Inasmuch that no one can say that £50,000,000 is the limit of demand, I do not see why the actual liability should not be limited in the bill to £10,000,000. If, however, Mr. Gladstone could show that this sum, or ten times as much, could be absolutely secured, there would be no objection to proceeding. But the proposal to place the receipts of the Irish government in the hands of a receiver has an ominous sound, and contains a note of unpopularity and impermanence. It is not yet clear how this obnoxious part of the bill can

be dropped, and the security be made absolute. Perhaps the difficulty may be met by limiting the issue of consols to £10,000,000, and by employing the proceeds of repayment in fresh operations. The aim of the government should be to fix the sum claimable upon option by landlords at a bare and close estimate of present value; not at a price such as will be very attractive. This might lead to the abiding of many of the landlord class — a superior and valuable class — in Ireland, by encouraging a disposition on their part to wait and see whether under home rule the price of land in Ireland may not rise within the period of three years.

Though these bills are bound together like the Siamese twins, their provisions will be nourished by wholly different forces; the elder is justified in principle by the verdict of the Irish people and by the interests of the United Kingdom; the younger is supported in its policy because it deals for public advantage with an entirely exceptional subject of property. With regard to the former, Parliament will have especially to consider whether it is expedient to give to the control of imperial affairs an exclusively British character; and as to the latter, whether it is not possible so to restrict the issues as to obtain absolute security.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ZIT AND XOE:

THEIR EARLY EXPERIENCES.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next few months passed away like a long-drawn-out dream of things almost unutterably beautiful — of cloudless skies and unruffled seas, of exquisite perfumes, of soft and brilliant and most delicately tinted flowers, of the sweetest and subtlest of all melodious sounds. Xoe was so supremely happy that the atmosphere of happiness around her enveloped not myself only, but all things, animate or inanimate, seemed to borrow a fresh, new joyousness from her very presence, and to be like her illumined when a stray ray from her halo touched them for a moment. Work and toil were quite forgotten. Our wonderful inventions were all bundled up together, like so much lumber. We lived, as the flowers lived, in the warm sunshine and the cool, fresh air.

But we were little more than children at the best, and without a thought of a

darker future, we made the most of this happy holiday. We pelted each other with roses until either she or I begged for mercy. We ran wonderful races on the sands, and yet were never able to determine whether her horse or mine were the fleetest. Xoe, too, became a great archer in these days; and, except perhaps when on horseback, she never looked lovelier than when she was drawing her bow. If I could beat her when I chose, what did it matter? She had to make the victor's wreath of laurel, and here she was far cleverer than ever I was at archery. It was much the same, too, at hide-and-seek. I had generally to implore her to come out of her ingenious hiding places, though she found me quick enough, and it was always I who had to pay the forfeit.

The forest was full of the most charming little bosky bowers where, when tired of walking and riding and playing, we used to sit for hours together, quite sheltered from the sun, and talking softly, or thinking, or watching the beautiful curve the blue river made down below among the thick masses of dark-green trees. It was enough to count the stately swans gliding slowly up and down, to see the salmon leaping over the falls, to wonder if the water-fowl would ever come up again after their long deep dives. Life had suddenly grown deliciously lazy and tranquil; and as weeks slipped into months, that past when I had wandered aimlessly about, heartsore, desolate, and wretched, became an impossible nightmare. Every moonlit night re-echoed with our songs of loving content, as we wandered hand in hand through the woods — never so mysterious and never quite so fragrant as in the early evening hours — or on the sands, close to where the long waves broke gently in floods and flashes of phosphorescent light. Our hearts were often too full for speech, and speech, indeed, was scarcely needed, for day by day our thoughts seemed somehow or other to move more closely in unison. When I spoke, Xoe used to cry out, "Stop, Zit! I was just going to say that;" and I was always accusing her of stealing my very best jests before they were uttered.

We used at this time to have the most curious little arguments; and though I hate arguments, there was always a new idea, or, at all events, a novel line of thought, in what Xoe said. I especially recollect one very sultry afternoon, and I remember it so well, that the heavy, languid perfume of the champak buds above us comes back to me even now, and again

I seem to see the mist slowly rising from the river down below, till the sharp shadows of the rocks and trees were dim and faint. And again, close by, I seem to watch the wings of a singularly beautiful purple butterfly floating lazily, as if half sleeping, from one of the white waxen champak flowers to another; I was lying in the shade at Xoe's feet, far too content to speak, and I was looking up, whenever she gave me the chance, into the heaven of her soft blue eyes.

"I often wonder, Zit," she said suddenly, "why it has not always been like this. Do you remember that even on the very first night we spent together you said you could scarcely imagine it had not always been so? I thought a great deal about those words of yours, then and afterwards, for the very same idea was passing through my mind, though of course I could not talk about it at the time. But what ever did you think of before you thought of me, sir? and what did I myself think of before I met you? Either you or I might twenty times a day have taken a different road from the road we really followed. Yet now we seem to have known each other almost ever since I remember anything. Really, it is a very few months since I came across you on the shore. But my whole life seems cut into two halves, and that last half, only a few months long, is far longer than all the years before."

"There is nothing in that," I answered, without a moment's hesitation. "Nothing in the world could have prevented us from meeting, dear. Both you and I might have strayed off, as you say, twenty times a day on the wrong track. But we were meant to come together at last. Love is far stronger than chance. And now I know why my restless spirit drove me irresistibly forward from sunrise to sunset."

"It is nice of you to say that," she said, stooping for a moment to look very earnestly into my eyes, and then suddenly throwing back her long hair, which had fallen like a golden glory across my face. "It is nice of you to say that, Zit, and I am sure you are right. Nothing could have kept us asunder, just as nothing can ever part us. But still sometimes I wonder why it has not always been like this, and why you and I have had all these long, cold, lonely years!"

I have a whole book of Xoe's sayings at this time. But they are written on my heart, and meant for none but me.

"Right and wrong!" cried Xoe one

day, as purely out of too much happiness I tried to get up a little dispute. "You are my right and wrong, Zit. You must be, dear, for there is no one else."

So we mounted our horses, and galloped off to watch the sun set over those unknown worlds beyond the point. These gold and purple islands seemed to have a strange and increasing fascination for Xoe, and one day, to my utter astonishment, she burst into tears because I could not, or as she said would not, take her to them.

"I dare say I could swim to the nearest of the islands if I practised, Xoe," I said, "and then I could swim on to the others, and be able to tell you all about them by-and-by."

"How selfish of you, Zit! No, I don't mean selfish, dear," she cried, noticing my look of distress; "I haven't used the word for months now, and I never thought it suited you at all. Surely you know I could never swim there, and if you are right I shall never be able to swim a single stroke. But I am certain I can never allow you to go alone. Don't let us think any more about these stupid islands."

It was easy to say this, but, hide it as she might, I know Xoe thought of nothing else, though I did all I could to divert her attention. I had amused her and myself by covering my different sticks with carvings of her face and her figure. I was never anything like satisfied; but she used to vow they were beautiful and flattering. It was just at this time that I learned how to draw. I had been out hunting, and was coming back laden with spoil. I heard Xoe's clear, ringing voice of welcome, and, looking up, I saw her waving a fleecy scarf, that fluttered out lazily and lightly in the wind. But Xoe was poised as lightly and gracefully as ever her scarf was.

She stood just in front of a huge, smooth, white marble rock, and on the surface of the white rock to my great joy I saw her figure repeated, line for line and curve for curve, in a black silhouette. It was only her shadow, of course, but a most lifelike resemblance of her for all that.

"Don't move! don't stir, dear!" I shouted. "Please stay exactly where you are. I will tell you why when I come."

I ran to the fire. I collected a bundle of half-burnt sticks. Xoe and the shadow when I returned were precisely in the same position as when I left them.

"Please don't turn till I tell you to," I said. And then I sketched her profile.

It was my first picture, an airy, light, little sketch, and almost my happiest. Xoe was as pleased as I was; and for some days after this, whenever I saw she was thinking of those wretched islands I used to say, "Come and be taken, Xoe. What will you wear?"—for she had a wonderful wardrobe now, and had grown quite a coquette; "how soon will you be ready? and how shall I draw you?" And in a short time all the rocks about were covered with Xoe. But before long this ingenuous amusement interested me a great deal more than it did Xoe, so intent was she on reaching her islands, and so sad and wistful did she sometimes look.

I was helpless, or thought so. But I swam a great deal every day, so as to be able if necessary to reach the islands at last. One sunny morning I charged right into a tree-trunk as it came floating down the river. I was a little stunned, and seizing hold of it I jumped on. I found that I could direct it pretty much as I wanted with my hands and feet, and still more successfully with one of the branches I tore off. And though it was absurd to think that Xoe could ever reach her wonderful islands on a clumsy thing like this, the log gave me a wrinkle which I proceeded to carry into execution with a secrecy that cost her many tears, and exercised my own self denial considerably.

"You are always leaving me for that horrible river!" Xoe would cry. "If you want fish, why don't you fish properly with your hooks and lines? and, then, you know I hate fish now."

But with one subterfuge or another I persevered. Whenever Xoe was lazy, I contrived to steal a morning for my new inventions.

I chose a quiet, well-wooded little bend of the river, where I could not be overlooked, and where the largest trees grew close down to the water's brink. In the first place I cut a tree down, shaped it so as to adapt it to the water, and sharpened it at either end. This was as much better than the old tree-trunk as my new, broad, flat paddle was better than the rough branch I had tried to row with. But still, when I mounted my log it sank so deep that I knew Xoe would never be dry upon it. Then I made what I thought a great advance. I tied half-a-dozen trees together, and when they floated side by side I had a raft on which Xoe might be as comfortable as at home. But, to my horror, I could neither steer my raft nor paddle it. I was turning away in despair when I noticed that, though the trunks



were all the same size, one of them floated much higher than the others. This was a mystery that must be solved. I attacked it with my axe, and with the aid of some big wedges I soon split the tree into two. It was hollow for a long way down the centre. I launched the two halves. They floated buoyantly. I had found what I wanted. I went home so happy that, without giving me a word of rebuke, and indeed without knowing why, Xoe was all that evening as happy as I was.

Next morning I began to construct my first boat, a sorry little thing I thought it afterwards, and only meant for two; but it sorely taxed my ingenuity and used up nearly all my hatchets. Fortunately I remembered that fire burns wood; and what with my hatchets and Xoe's fire, I had completely hollowed a large log out in a fortnight, and given it quite an elegant shape externally. But Xoe was so cross now at my repeated disappearances, and had such a strange, injured way of looking at me when she thought I did not observe her, that I had to wait another week before I could launch it. My boat floated beautifully. I could turn it about and direct it almost as easily as we guided our horses. There was a seat for Xoe, and a seat for me. Now we could go to the islands when we pleased. I turned to row ashore, and there was Xoe at the landing-place, clutching an overhanging date-palm with one arm, and watching me intently. She clapped her hands merrily as I came in.

"Now we can go to our islands," she cried. "O Zit! how good and thoughtful you are, and I am sure I don't deserve it! I have been horrid lately, and so lonely when you were away, and O Zit! can you believe it? so jealous! I have been fighting against my wretched thoughts for weeks past, but to-day I could bear them no longer. I dogged you down, step by step, to see what you were doing. Look here, Zit!" she continued, showing me one of my hatchets concealed within the broad folds of her scarf, "I am almost sure that I should have killed her if you had found any one else. How you must despise me! Sometimes I wonder how you bear with me at all. But I will never be bad again, never. I will always believe you, and always do what you tell me."

Xoe was still half laughing and half crying as I helped her into the boat. "Now for the islands," she said, as I pushed out into the stream.

"Oh no, Xoe!" I replied. "I must try the boat first in the open sea. We

are only going out on the river for a few minutes just to please you. For I really don't know if it will answer in the sea, or whether we could reach our islands in it or not, or even be able to come back again."

"It is I who want to go to the islands, not you, Zit," she said, pouting. "You know you don't care two straws about them. And do you really think I am going to let you start alone? Pray, sir, what should I do if you never came back?"

"I could always swim back if anything happened," I answered, "and you couldn't. Remember your promise, Xoe, dear, and please throw that clumsy hatchet overboard. It is luncheon-time now, and we had better go back at once."

I spoke with as much severity as I could command. Xoe yielded with the best possible grace in the world. That was one of her strong points. But by the time she had made all her conditions, I felt myself a regular tyrant. She was to ride as near the sea as she could all the way to the point. I was to keep on signalling by a number of clever little contrivances to show how I was getting on. Above all things, I was not to land until she could come with me.

There was an ebb-tide after luncheon, so I ran down for my boat, and directly I turned the great sand-bank at the mouth of the river, I saw Xoe waiting for me on her white horse. We had a pleasant little talk in shouts and signals. My boat went splendidly, and did not ship a drop of water. The last ebb of the tide was with me, and as I knew it would soon turn, I ran ashore at the point.

"Can't you do it?" cried Xoe anxiously, as I came in. "Oh, what a pity! what a pity!"

"Oh, I can do it!" I shouted back. "It is far easier than I thought. The boat goes beautifully. I am afraid of nothing now, so you can come with me, dear, and be the first to set foot on those wonderful islands of yours."

I paddled away manfully, but even Xoe's light weight made a difference.

"Oh great inventor!" she said, laughing, holding her tiny hands up in reproof; "next time you invent a boat, or anything else for that matter, ask me to help you. You have been watching the swans sailing by on the river with their big white feathers ruffled out to catch the wind all these weeks, and never noticed what you need now. Put your paddle away. I will take you in. Hold this," she said, giving me



one end of her pointed scarf, and spreading the other two corners out, one in each of her outstretched hands. The breeze caught it at once, and away we scudded before the wind at a pace that put my poor paddle to shame.

"You see the use of it now, sir," laughed Xoe triumphantly. "You would have your mystery. You almost teased my life out. What is the consequence? I am the captain and you are the mate."

So we bounded on in the most deliciously easy motion over the little billows, until both Xoe and I agreed that the ripple they made as we passed over was the most soothing sound ever heard. Our boat seemed to be a living thing. Out at sea here, with the cool salt breeze blowing freely, the sun lost all its fierce heat, and every wave, laughing and sparkling in the sunshine, told of the cold, green depths below. We could still see our banian-tree on the hill and Xoe's white horse at the point. But they each grew smaller and smaller.

Our island, as we approached it, was extraordinarily beautiful, and quite unlike anything either of us had ever seen before. It was about a mile and a half round, and, with the exception of one rocky peak, completely covered with rich, firm, soft turf, and trees, whose broad branches all stretched wistfully in the direction of the mainland. I steered a little on the sly with my paddle, so as to be able to run exactly where I was bidden, into a little cove, half-rock, half-sand, under the shelter of a frowning hill.

Xoe was quite excited as I helped her out of the boat. Directly she touched the shore with her feet, she gave a cry of triumph. I followed quickly, so as to assist her over the wave-worn rocks that guarded a stretch of fine white sand, covered at low tide, as it was now, with the most beautiful and fantastic anemones. She stopped to touch them, and to marvel at the coy way they drew themselves back when they were touched; and then, almost before we knew it, we stood beneath an enormous arch, composed entirely of stately pillars and columns of a beautiful, sombre stone-color, grouped together in perfect masses, at once solid and light. The feeling this arch gave us both, as we stood beneath it, was a feeling of expectancy and awe. Xoe was the first to break the silence.

"What does it remind you of, Zit?" she asked, taking my hand, so as to give us both confidence.

"It reminds me most vividly of some-

thing; perhaps of the palm-forest at noon-day," I answered; "but I really cannot tell what."

"I can," said Xoe. "It is only the music of your song, Zit, and perhaps of some of mine, put into another form. Nothing is wrong here, nothing out of place. All the columns are lovely in themselves, and when they are massed together they are harmoniously perfect. They are only broken or twisted just when they should be. It is a lovely arch. O Zit! What a beautiful world we live in, and how small even you seem here!"

I put Xoe's hand to my lips, and then led her on. The large and lofty hall we entered was like the archway, all made of pilasters and columns. The sunlight streamed before us, covering everything with a dazzling brightness, till the walls and all the roof glowed again in infinite varieties of gold and red and green. Long afterwards, when I became acquainted with the properties of precious stones and crystals, I used to think that these stalactites, for they were really nothing else, must have shone on that glorious afternoon like diamonds and rubies and emeralds and sapphires.

There were many little chambers off the great hall, all exact miniatures of it, and each with its little arch of tiny columns. These we explored carefully until we were tired. At one time the stormy sea must have swept through them all, for nothing but an irresistible power like the raging ocean could have been the patient architect of anything so everlastingly perfect. This was evident enough. But it must have been countless ages since, for the floor was now carpeted with dry sparkling sand, and the very oyster-shells washed in by the tide had disappeared in these cycles of untold time, leaving nothing but their pearls behind them.

With these glistening pearls the sand was thickly strewn. Xoe had noticed them at once, and before going she tried how they looked in her hair.

"They must be almost more beautiful than the flowers," she said, turning appealingly to me.

"They are much more beautiful now," I answered, "and I don't think they will ever fade. They are almost as pure and white as your neck, dear. They would look lovely there. Try them against your neck for a minute, Xoe. Then you can see them, too."

"You dear old Zit!" she retorted, laughing. "There! what do you think of them? I should never care how I looked,

if it wasn't for you. But you know I promised to obey you always. So pick out a handful or two of the very finest, and we will carry them with us as a reminder of our island voyage."

The wind had died away completely by the time we reached our boat, and as Xoe was dead-tired, this was perhaps as well. But we had a strong tide with us, and I had not the least difficulty in making the point. I lifted Xoe gently on to her horse, and led him home through the gloaming. This good, patient beast, in spite of his long wait and his high spirits, understood directly that his mistress was tired, and ambled on most sedately. So I let his bridle go, and drawing close to Xoe supported her as I walked.

"Oh, I am so tired, Zit!" she said; "but very, very happy, and this is very pleasant. It reminds me so of that first ride, when we were each afraid of the other, and of all those rides in the moonlight when you would kiss my hand."

"I thought you never knew that," I cried.

"Oh, I was horribly proud in those days," Xoe answered very softly; "and then a girl never can tell all she knows, Zit. But this is much nicer. I can think of nothing happier than the life we are leading now. You are all the world to me, and when I feel your great strong arm tight round me, I know that I am everything to you. You have had your mystery, sir, and I have mine. But I am sure that mysteries are wrong. We must have no more secrets, and I will never be cross again."

It was late when we reached home. But we loitered a long time over supper. And after supper, while Xoe was half dozing, I contrived to thread a string of great pearls together as a necklace. Xoe put them on with a smile, and in the firelight they gleamed and glistened more beautifully than ever.

Early next morning, Xoe, who was still very pale and tired, said there was nothing in the house to eat, and sent me out hunting at once. The deer had grown so wise and wary now that it was weeks since any of them had fallen into our larder-trap, and indeed an unaccountable and most disagreeable change had come over all the forest beasts of late. But I was in high spirits, and consequently had an unusually lucky day. I rode back with all the spoil I could carry.

"Xoe!" I shouted, as I always did, in coming through the pass; and for the first time there was no answer. I remem-

bered how tired she had looked, and, possessed by a dreadful foreboding of something amiss, I galloped on. I threw myself off my horse. I lifted the mat that hung over our doorway. I heard a feeble little cry which, though it went straight to my heart, was certainly not Xoe's.

"Xoe! Xoe!" I called.

"Hush, Zit! dear old Zit!" I heard her answer. "I thought you would never come, and I have so longed for you! Look, Zit, here is my mystery!"

I looked at Xoe, and in her eyes I saw the most ineffable joy and tenderness. I stooped and kissed her.

"Not me, Zit!" she whispered, with her white arm round my neck for a moment. "Kiss him, but very, very softly!"

Nestling beside her on the couch lay a tiny, helpless, little image of myself.

"O Zit!" said Xoe, as I bent over them both, "he is so like you, dear, and I was so dreadfully afraid he would have wings!"

#### CHAPTER VII.

THAT boy was for a long time to come the joy and plague of my life. At first, of course, he was strictly neutral; but he soon went over to Xoe's party, and both of them together were too many for me. I was hardly allowed to touch him. I gave him a little sambre-skin pelisse or jacket a few days after he was born. But Xoe had very pronounced views. "A baby is like a flower," she said. "He must live in the fresh air and the sunshine. He would die if he were swaddled up in that fine pelisse of yours, Zit. I never heard him crow so lustily as when I took it off. Come and look at him, and then tell me if he wants any pelisses."

Baby certainly seemed far happier as he was, lying on his back on a soft grass mat, in a warm, shady corner, cooing away to his heart's content. He threw up his little fists and his pretty little pink toes as we bent over him.

"I wonder if he sees us, Xoe?" I asked, "or if he hears us?" and I began to boo away very gently. But he had no ears or eyes for me.

"He can see me," replied Xoe exultantly, snatching him up in her arms; "and he can always hear me. Can't you, baby?" And there was no doubt whatever that Xoe was right. "He hears you, too. But as he doesn't know what you mean yet, he attaches no importance to anything you say. It is the same with all the outside sounds from the forest, and the sea, and the beasts." (Any one

but Xoe and her baby were outsiders now, it seemed.) "They have no meaning for him yet, dear little fellow. But when he looks at me, or laughs or cries, it is different. And when I look at him and try to talk his language it is different too. We understand each other."

Xoe looked wonderfully pretty with her baby in her arms. Her cheeks had a new color, quite different from that of our courting days, but quite as beautiful; and her eyes, like all her words now, were full of soft and gentle meanings. I could not, if I wished it, deny the truth of what she said, so I adroitly attacked her in another direction.

"Cold water is all very well," I exclaimed; "but I do wish, Xoe, you would not always be douching him with cold water. I shouldn't like it myself night and morning, and it can't be good for a baby."

Xoe gave a merry little chuckle at this, and when baby and she had stared defiantly at me for a while, she condescended to reply.

"My dear Zit," she said, "you know a good deal about boats, and bows and arrows, and pots, and all that; you know a little about horses; but I flatter myself I do know something about babies!"

"I don't know why you should, Xoe," I cried, "and I don't know where you learnt it!" And then, before she could retort, I beat a hasty retreat to get dinner ready.

I was the hunter and the cook and the general servant now, and everything but head nurse, and as this was the first time Xoe was going to dine in her old place by the fire, a very pretty little repast I had prepared.

Baby lay between us, for I really would not allow him to be altogether monopolized, and said so plainly. But Xoe knew as well as I did that our disputes now were all a make-belief. We never really differed. Apart from baby, she was ruled by what I said, and with regard to baby I had the most implicit confidence in his mother.

Xoe hushed him to sleep on her knee, and as soon as dinner was over and I drew closer up, I was graciously allowed to watch him. Then, the first time for a month, we had a long after-dinner talk, just as in the old days, and when she laid her head on my shoulder I had many questions to ask.

"Why did you think he would have wings?" I began.

"Nothing could be more natural," an-

swered Xoe promptly. "Our boy, to begin with, must be quite different from us."

"I don't see that at all, Xoe," I interrupted; "please be logical."

"So I am, Zit, and you may be just as jealous as you like. I don't know much about logic, but I can believe my eyes. He is much better than either of us. You have only to look at him as he sleeps to tell that. But if you want logic you shall have it. We were a great deal better than the others, and as we could walk I thought he would very likely fly. But I am not a bit disappointed, Zit. He is just as perfect as he can be. And it really would be a dreadful trial for us when he grows bigger to see him nod his pretty little head pleasantly every morning before he flew off, leaving us to plod away after, wondering when he would have a fall."

"Your logic is not at all bad," I answered; "but still you see baby hasn't got wings."

"I don't care for that," said Xoe; "you said my logic was not bad."

"No more it is, dear," replied I, patting his cheek very gently, "and I am glad the wings are not there. That would have been a trial, indeed. But what strange fancies you have, Xoe! I should never have thought of this."

"You, Zit! you never think of anything."

"I do, Xoe. I have been wondering all day long what we ought to call him. You should know. You found a name for me quick enough."

"I don't think it is quite fair to put it in that way, dear," she said. "I liked you from the first, and I don't care who knows it. But that was very different. I knew my Zit would come some day or other. I expected you, sir. I was prepared for you. But dear baby was so thoroughly unexpected —"

I gave Xoe a very sceptical look just then. She cut her speech short, and ended her argument, as she generally does when she is getting the worst of it, by saying, "Don't tease!"

I tried to please her. I changed the subject completely. But that was never the way to get round Xoe. She would talk of nothing else; and finally I learnt she had already determined to call baby Zit.

We used to fight over this night by night for the next few months, and I was never perhaps happier in illustration than when I foreshadowed the confusion that would inevitably ensue.

But baby had a stronger will than either of us. He called himself Pip the moment he could talk; and as he has stuck to that name manfully ever since, I may as well call him Pip from the first.

"There is only one thing that frightens me, Zit," said Xoe, when we had tucked baby snugly into his cradle, "but I can think of nothing else. When baby was born, I knew for certain that you and I must die. Before that I used to think that, as we were both so different from all the others, we might differ from them here, and that there would be no more death in the world. Now your horrid logic has given me all manner of dreadful thoughts. But how should I live without you, Zit? or how could you live without me? or how would baby live without either of us?"

Xoe's questions were sometimes terribly perplexing. Baby's arrival had never struck me as a melancholy foreshadowing of our own departure. I did not quite know what to answer. So I kissed her tears away, and then, stealing her own words, said, "Don't tease!"

This was a fairly good reply at the time. But whenever I was away from home, or when either of them was ill, or even when I felt unusually dull and stupid, I used to ponder over Xoe's problem.

Fortunately, perhaps, I had not much leisure for melancholy reflections just then. For months past, I had noticed a significant change in the demeanor of all the forest beasts. This became daily more pronounced. The deer, as I have said, would not be driven into the pitfall. The hideous, shapeless monsters that infested the dark places in the woods no longer slunk uneasily aside when I gave my cry of warning. And one day, when I was enjoying very quietly a little inoffensive pig-sticking, a herd of infuriated boars actually charged at me in a body. I fought for dear life, and had to spear five of them before I escaped from their terrible tushes. I said nothing to Xoe, of course, and in itself this one fight would scarcely have been worth notice. But the plot was obviously preconcerted. I was soon convinced beyond all doubt that there was a general conspiracy on foot, and had very good reason to believe that those wretched beings from whom we came were at the bottom of it. Our perfect happiness, since little Pip's arrival, had been too much for them; and judging by the roaring and bellowing, the hissing and snarling, that went on in the forest, the most preposterous and exaggerated accounts were evi-

dently being circulated about my innocent exploits in the hunting-field.

The forest soon became absolutely crowded with living things. Reinforcements poured in from all sides; and though a certain amount of indecision was still visible, I thought it was quite impossible to prevent Xoe and Pip noticing the ceaseless tread of these terrible battalions by day and their horrible sounds by night.

Never was I more mistaken. Xoe and her baby were so completely wrapped up in each other that nothing short of an earthquake would give them any uneasiness. Every day she made more discoveries out of Pip, small as he was, than I had managed to make out of the rich, broad world before me.

One afternoon when I was leaning over a rock that commanded the valley, planning a complete system of fortifications, Xoe rushed up to me, and in a low, breathless voice cried, "It has come!"

"What has come?" I shouted, springing wildly to my feet, and seizing a hatchet in either hand.

"Baby's first tooth," said Xoe. "O Zit! are you not sorry now for saying he was getting as cross as you are, and that he really should not be allowed to cry all night long?"

"Of course I am sorry, Xoe," I answered; "and baby at all events does not think badly of me. But are you sure you are right? I can't see it."

"See it! who asked you to see it?" she retorted. "Perhaps you can't feel it?"

And I am shocked to say I really could not. But I had learned to trust Xoe in these matters, so I only kissed Pip and said, "Now that he has got his tooth, Xoe, I suppose I had better go and kill a buffalo or a hog or two for his dinner."

Xoe turned upon me more savagely than she had ever done in her life.

"Don't, Zit!" she cried, "don't teach the boy to despise you! You can't see his tooth! you can't feel his tooth! Well, perhaps you can't see his lower jaw either. It is not half so pronounced as yours! There! At all events," added Xoe frankly, "I almost hate you for making me say things like this."

Pip, who always knew far more than we thought, set up a timely howl just then, and in bringing him round we reconciled each other. But Xoe, I am sure, never quite forgave herself for the way she treated me at that moment.

This was one of the events that distracted me from anxious thoughts, and without them I scarcely know what would

have become of me. I grew so nervous that I almost slept with one eye open. I spent my mornings and evenings reconnoitring. But in the lazy afternoons I had my reward, when I thought of nothing but Xoe and her baby. I only mention all this, however, to show how I was able to spend the greater part of my time in blocking up the pass. With a few stout young trees as levers I piled stone upon stone, rock upon rock, trunk upon trunk, so that we were not only completely fortified on this side, but were furnished with an almost inexhaustible supply of ponderous missiles. Xoe surprised me at my work one bright and very sunny afternoon. She had strolled down lazily with baby in her arms, singing softly as she came. She found me, as it happened, just as I was straining every muscle to upset a big rock from which we had often watched the sun sink into the sea over our islands.

"More mysteries, Zit?" she said quietly. "Why can't you tell me everything?"

Then she stopped short. There was no time to tell her everything when the whole forest re-echoed with the most hideous sounds, and when every other tree concealed the outline of some monstrous form.

Xoe, as she always does in times of emergency, saw something of what had happened.

"Poor old Zit!" she said, "you look awfully tired. I had no right to scold you. I would not frighten baby for worlds, and you knew that if you frightened me you frightened baby. You are always thoughtful. But what shall we do now, and how can I help you?"

"Put baby on the grass, dear," I answered, knowing that hard work was the best thing possible for her at the moment. "Then help me push this rock into its place. It will be the keystone of the whole position. When that is fixed we shall be perfectly safe for a while."

"There!" cried Xoe, when our task was done, "we are perfectly safe. You said so yourself, Zit; and now that we are safe, I think you really might have asked what brought baby and me down here so unexpectedly."

"You are never unexpected," I replied. "I was sick of struggling alone. You came just when you were needed."

"Of course," cried Xoe triumphantly. "But why did we come? Because baby speaks."

I turned round to baby, who had been lying neglected on the grass all this time. He threw his little arms out towards me,

and, in support of his mother's assertion, said papa as clearly and distinctly as I could have said it myself if I had happened to try.

"You are a perfect tyrant, Xoe," I exclaimed, crying papa to baby, and being answered as often as ever I did so; "why has this been hidden from me all these months?"

"Nothing has been hidden," said Xoe, half laughing and half crying. "When you went away this morning, looking vexed and very cross, and without a word for either of us, baby pointed straight at you and said papa, and he has been saying it almost ever since."

"Why didn't you bring him down at once, Xoe?" I asked; "and what else has he been saying?"

"He was not very distinct at first," she answered. "He called you papa and then he called himself papa, and when I called him Zit he insisted on a compromise and called himself Pip."

I could not quite understand the compromise, but Pip did, and very proud he was of his new accomplishment. He kept on addressing himself as Pip in a most engaging manner nearly all the way up the hill, though every now and then he patted my cheeks and called me papa.

I was still terribly anxious, but I made the most of Pip's extraordinary talents.

"I wonder he didn't sing, Xoe, before he could talk," I said; "you thought he would fly before he could walk."

"Can't he sing?" asked Xoe scornfully. "Why, he has done nothing else since he came. But what do you care about singing? Since I began to sing to Pip you have never once asked me to sing to you."

So Xoe and I sang again as in the old days, just as if there were no worries and troubles in the world.

But for all that we spent a terrible evening. The shrieks and roars from the forest grew louder and fiercer. The air was filled with clouds of villanous insects. The ground was covered with creeping things innumerable. I piled all the arms I had in a great heap close beside us, and we sat hand in hand beside the fire till midnight. Then I persuaded Xoe to let me go down to the pass.

Before starting, however, we both stood watching baby for a while. He was sleeping very pleasantly. He smiled as we looked at him, and as he smiled we knew that happy, peaceful dreams of mysteries about which neither of us knew anything were passing through his mind. I stooped



and kissed him softly. I kissed Xoe too. Then I went.

I found, as I had feared, that the fortifications were being rapidly destroyed. I used my lever as I had planned, and every ponderous rock that went crashing through the pass brought back an answering echo of pain. For a moment the horde below were disconcerted — and then with a cry that began in defiance and ended in despair, they turned and fled.

I returned home joyfully. I told Xoe my good news. She pretended to be just as satisfied as I tried to look. Then somehow or other I dozed off. Suddenly I heard Xoe shriek out. I leapt to my feet. I saw her smite a ghastly black shadow with a burning brand plucked from the fire. It disappeared into the outer darkness with a yell of intense agony, and then I saw Xoe snatch baby up from the grass and cover him with kisses.

"He dropped from a tree. He tried to steal baby!" she cried; "I can stay here no longer. Don't be frightened, Zit," she added gently. "Baby is cooing and crowing again. Nothing frightens him. But go we must."

"Why should we go?" I said. "Why not keep them at bay, and drive them back terror-stricken and dismayed? If we do go they will destroy all your things, Xoe, and then, where shall we go to?"

"To our island, of course," said Xoe, pressing Pip to her breast. "What do I care for the things when baby's life is at stake! Come and find the boat!"

From the sound of the falling rocks I knew that the enemy had returned, and that my fortress was being rapidly demolished. It was too late to hesitate now. I took baby in one arm, and with the other I helped Xoe down the steep path that led directly to the river and the sea.

We spent the most painful half-hour in our lives in clambering over the stones. Now and then the terrific sounds behind us compelled us to look back, and through the gloomy night we saw the remains of our fire being hurled about hither and thither by invisible hands. This diversion in all probability saved our lives. We leaped into our boat and pushed wildly off from that accursed shore. Just as we did so the heavy clouds rolled away from the moon, revealing a perfect panorama of horrors.

The shore was lined with hideous monstrous forms right down to the water's edge. But they could not pass beyond it.

We were safe now, and, under the spell of some dreadful fascination, I turned to watch the terrible drama being played out before us.

The beasts had dared to declare war against man, and were now venting their disappointed fury on each other. I could see in the distance the hatchets and spears I had so prized wielded madly and fiercely by scores of bony hands. I could hear the cries of the great beasts, as with bleeding flanks they learned for the first time what real pain was. Unslightly forms I knew of old leaped in and out of the seething crowd with such prodigious rapidity that they seemed wellnigh innumerable. Then with maddening roars each beast turned on the monstrous creature nearest, and began a combat of life and death.

Here Xoe touched me gently on the shoulder. "It is an awful punishment, Zit," she said. "But we must not wait to see it out. What should we do if baby caught cold! Row on!"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE morning sun sprang up red and glowing from the sea, to give a genial warmth to the fresh salt breeze that awakened Pip, as he lay, a rosy little mite, in the midst of his magnificently pilastered nursery. He opened his brown eyes in amazement. But he took in the situation at a glance, and its incongruity amused him immensely. He laughed aloud, and as Xoe of course chimed in, their ringing voices blending merrily together filled these vast glittering halls with a joyous life to which for countless ages of time they had necessarily been strangers.

Inspired by these cheerful sounds, I went outside to look once more at the mainland. It was still covered by a thick mist; but, as the rising sun left the mist beneath, I felt that a new life had dawned upon me too. What were my wrecked homestead and all my shattered inventions to me now, so long as my wife and child were safe! Henceforth, as far as I could will it, all my interests, like my joys, must be wrapped up in them. It was, indeed, in that early stroll along the island beach that a most extraordinary change in me really took place, and that to all intents and purposes I became a husbandman instead of a wanderer, a herdsman instead of a hunter. I was dreamfully wondering how the change would eventually be worked out, when Xoe called to me from the cave to ask what I thought about breakfast.

"I should like it above all things," I answered. "You light a fire, Xoe, and long before you are ready I shall have plenty for you to cook."

Nor was my confidence misplaced. I had not gone ten yards, when I stumbled across an enormous turtle. I picked myself up with an apology, but the ungrateful brute threw up such a shower of sand with her flappers that she was well over the water's edge before I could clear my eyes. However I had fallen into a nest of turtle's eggs to begin with; and as I chased the turtle into the sea, I contrived to catch a couple of big black lobsters. I laid the lobsters beside the eggs, and then went a little way inland, where I discovered plenty of ripe dates and pomegranates. There were, I knew, two or three earthen pots in the boat; and, considering our circumstances, we breakfasted sumptuously. Baby, out of pure good-nature, nothing more, took the liveliest interest in the proceedings, clapping his little hands manfully; and he was not half so disconcerted as we were, when the black lobsters turned scarlet in the pot.

Watching Xoe narrowly, I could see that in spite of the entertainment Pip gave us, she was still very dull at heart. She could never keep a secret long, and soon she told me what was the matter.

"I will never set foot on that miserable shore again, never!" she cried; "and no more shall Pip. My mind is quite made up, Zit; nothing can shake it. Once for all, come what may, we must break with our past, if not for our own sakes, for baby's. Those horrible, mean creatures are jealous of him and his beauty and the joy we have in him. What are they to us or we to them? We will go on from island to island through the world, till even the very memory of them shall be left so far behind that baby will never hear the faintest echo of it. Somewhere, Zit, we shall find a pleasant resting-place, where the past is all unknown, and where the beasts shall be as friendly and as gentle as they were at first; and there we will found our home."

There was much in what Xoe said. Indeed I had, or rather perhaps now thought I had, turned it over in my mind during my morning stroll. I said nothing of this, I only told her then, as I tell her still, that in all grave matters her thoughts and mine are the same. We agreed that Pip must never know anything of the misery and degradation of our past; but that, as we were perfectly safe, we would halt here for a while and go on when we chose. Then,

after a little fight, Xoe agreed that I should reconnoitre our old home when I could, so as to look after the horses and save what I was able from the wreck. After settling our future plans, we spent a very happy day, all the happier because it was one long picnic, in which we had to invent everything afresh.

While Xoe and Pip were having their regular siesta, I cut down the shattered trunk of a curious old tree, the big hollows in which were almost filled with honey-combs. The bees buzzed about me in swarms till I was nearly blinded. But, like the beasts at first, they were too much astonished to resent anything I did; and, indeed, it was not till years afterwards that I learnt to my cost how bees could sting. The fragrance of the honey which had attracted my attention originally, was quite justified by its taste.

I bore it off in triumph to the cave. I stole in quietly, so as not to disturb the siesta. But the siesta was a noisy one. There was Xoe, half hidden in her long yellow hair, her cheeks flushed with romping, her eyes sparkling with fun, crouching down at the further end of the hall; and in the middle Pip, on his hands and his sturdy little brown legs, was taking his afternoon lesson in crawling, or whatever one might term the vigorous method in which, by a series of little leaps and bounds and much laughing and shouting, he contrived to cover the ground. He had just started for Xoe when I came in. But he turned at once and crept lustily towards me, in spite of all her enticements. I broke off a tiny bit of honeycomb, and Pip gave a shout of decided approbation when he tasted it.

"You are a cheat!" cried Xoe, pretending to be vexed, though in reality there was nothing she liked better than being cut out here by me. "You are a cheat, sir, and, good gracious! what are you tempting the poor innocent child to eat?" Then, in the very middle of her scolding, she too gave a cry of delight.

I was walking slowly before him, holding a great piece of honeycomb in front of me, and so anxious was Pip to get possession of it that he forgot all his terrors, balanced himself on his little feet for a moment, and then toddled bravely after me as I retreated.

"Don't touch him, Zit!" cried Xoe, clapping her hands. "Let him fall if he must; it will only give him confidence, and he will pick himself up again. Make him run after you right down the hall."

After one or two preliminary tumbles,

Pip actually accomplished this tremendous feat. We were both astonished.

"Well, you are wonderful creatures," said Xoe, patting his head and mine impartially as we reached her. "I never gave you credit for so much sense, Zit. Here have I been slaving away for weeks together, trying to teach him to walk, and without thinking twice about it you discover the way and rob me of all the glory. O Zit! Zit! I shall never hear the last of this. Give me a bit of that yellow stuff!"

Pip toddled after her, just as prettily as he had done after me. Xoe was quite satisfied.

"Isn't he manly?" she cried. "Look how he puts his feet down and holds his hands out! Were you ever so proud of him before, Zit?"

But Pip, judging by the way he crowed and shouted, was just as proud of himself as ever I or even his mother could be. To keep up old traditions, we took our dinner in the open. The afternoon was very still and warm. The blue sea ran merrily up the glittering floor of the little cove, and the waves, as they died away on the white sand at our feet, laughed and sparkled in the sunshine. One solitary bird on a tree somewhere far behind us thrilled a passionate appeal to a mate who never answered.

"How peaceful the world is, how beautiful, and what a contrast to last night!" said Xoe, breaking a long spell of silence and laying baby on my knee, as she only did when she was perfectly content.

"Do you know why the world is beautiful?" I answered. "You make it beautiful, Xoe, you and Pip, and your great love for me. The place itself is nothing. A few hours ago, when I carried you over the sands, you thought that our happy days were over."

"That is true," said Xoe slowly; "and yet it seems hardly possible. Fancy baby walking to-day, of all the days in the year, and fancy this being the very happiest day in the whole of my life since I met you first, Zit!"

It was not often Xoe talked like this, and I began to feel quite sorry for the singing bird behind us, whose mate could not hear what she was singing.

"What is your idea of happiness?" asked Xoe, after another long pause, during which she had recovered possession of Pip.

"A little wife, and a little child, and a little work," I replied promptly, "and life in the open air beside the sea."

"Why, you dear, simple old creature," said Xoe, "you have got all that! Oh, I see! you are laying a little trap for me. Well, I was never happier than I am now; I own it. But first thoughts are good thoughts. We will be happy here for a little. Then we will go and be happy somewhere else. Look at baby yawning, Zit! That is because he can't talk properly, and he can't forget that we were all up the whole of last night. It is delicious here in the twilight, but I really think we ought to go to bed early."

We had a long, lazy night's rest, but with the first grey streak of dawn we had another little fight. I wanted to run ashore before breakfast. Xoe wanted me to put off the trip for a day or two; and I knew what that meant. But as we had left all our property behind us, I stood firm, and Xoe and Pip had to content themselves with waving their hands from the great archway until their white figures disappeared in the distance.

There was not the least cause for alarm. The shore was thickly strewn with noisome carcasses, but not a sound was heard save from the flapping wings of the hideous vultures.

I paddled straight up the river, and fastened my boat beneath the clump of trees, of one of which it had been built. There were the same horrible traces of carnage round our banian-tree. Our homestead had been trampled and dashed to pieces. But the storeroom had scarcely been touched, and while I was selecting what we needed for immediate use, I heard both the horses whinnying joyfully, not far off. They were delighted to see me again.

To my astonishment they were not alone, but most affectionately watched and guarded by a creature something like one of those jackals, which had so often made night hideous. He was, however, much hairier; and when he thrust his cold nose into my hand and looked up, I could see his wistful eyes were very mild and gentle, and that, in spite of his rugged coat and gaunt limbs, he had an expression of extraordinary sagacity and benevolence. We became warm friends at once, and henceforth he played an important part in my family life. Without his assistance, indeed, I should never have become a true husbandman, and the flocks and herds which now constitute our fortune would still have been a prey to the wild beasts of the forests. Xoe laughs at me when I tell her that for every leg of mutton and every cheese we eat, and

every coat I wear, we have to thank our friend the dog. But it is true for all that. The animals in their way can exist happily enough without us. But without them we could never do more than exist.

In some way or other, which it was of course impossible to ascertain, this wise, rough, hairy brute had evidently saved the horses from the overwhelming attacks of the night before. Already they seemed almost as fond of him as of Xoe; but when I turned, he left them at once and followed me closely, wagging his tail. Nothing, however, could induce the horses to come up to the house. The evil surroundings were too much for them. Horses are, I think, more sensitive than even men here. I, at all events, had my work before me, and could not afford to be squeamish. I carried out everything we wanted to the horses by degrees. Then I fastened a mighty load on each, and vastly pleased they were to be of service.

We made our way down the pass without much difficulty. The huge rocks and tree-trunks with which I had filled it up, had been tossed hither and thither. Everything bore marks of wanton destruction. Even the marble rocks, on which I had sketched and cut so many images of Xoe, had been defaced and maltreated; and, as if to mock us, cruel hands had traced grotesque and brutal figures all around. In everything I recognized a ludicrous imitation of my own handiwork which was far from flattering, and it was easy to see that for a long time past we had been most carefully watched. I left the horses at the mouth of the river; and with my dog pioneering the way in front, never far ahead, I started for the boat. Then I took as large a load as I could safely carry. The dog leapt in on guard. I turned for a moment to the horses, which were looking at me very sadly with their big brown eyes. I patted and petted them for a little and pushed off. But this did not suit Xoe's horse at all. He trotted into the sea. At first the broken water frightened him terribly, but he persevered till he had crossed the waves, and then he began to swim boldly after me. I did not know that horses could swim till then; but the distance to the island was so great that I was afraid to try the experiment without adventitious aid. So I came back and cut down a few young cork-trees, which I fastened round them both in the manner of floats, and then with the horses in tow I started again.

The tow-ropes were so long that my

followers were easily able to get in advance of me, and for some time they actually dragged the boat along. But when they were tired I had good reason to thank my forethought in having provided them with floats. Before I reached the little cove I was nearly dead with fatigue.

Xoe and Pip were still looking out from their archway. But so far from having been there ever since I left, Xoe had such a number of adventures to relate that she would scarcely listen to mine. Of course they both went into ecstasies over the horses. Then the dog, which had been waiting for a good opportunity of an introduction, came up very humbly, and Xoe gave a loud shriek and rushed towards Pip.

"Zit!" she cried as she ran, "you have brought one of those horrible beasts over here. I will never forgive you, never! Help me to save Pip!"

But Pip had already got both his little arms round the dog's neck, and the dog was very gently licking his face.

"He is eating Pip!" exclaimed Xoe; "look there!" And she rushed at the dog, which, without disturbing Pip in the least, very gravely offered Xoe a paw. She touched it for a second, and then fell back abashed.

"Oh, what a wonderful child!" she said in a low voice. "He has tamed that awful monster already. Did you ever know anything like it, Zit? and do you think it will last? I really quite like the animal. What a gentle beast he is, and how wise, and what friends they are! Look at him! He is bringing Pip to me on his back!"

Xoe nevertheless recovered possession of Pip as quickly as possible. I lay down on one side of her, the dog on the other, and, completely reassured, she began an account of her day's experiences, the first day since she had met me, as she said, that had been spent without the benefit of my cheerful society. She had begun by making a large grass-plaited sail for my boat. Then she made a pearl necklace for Pip, who, when she was engrossed in her work, took the opportunity of walking boldly out of doors. Xoe, of course, thought he had fallen over the rocks and been swept away by the sea. But Pip, who had an extraordinary sense of humor — something, so I thought, like my own — had only hidden his little body behind a huge cactus leaf, and dried up all Xoe's tears by crying, "Peep ho!" They made friends again; and since then, after various little culinary experiments, they had

been occupied in looking out for me, Pip with his jewel necklace on, and very proud of it.

After these thrilling tales, my own poor adventures were scarcely worth narrating. But the things I had brought with me were properly appreciated none the less.

#### CHAPTER IX.

LIFE on the island was, after all, nothing but a long delightful interlude. We both felt that, so we never treated it very seriously; and without looking backward or forward, we tried to enjoy it to the uttermost. Xoe's sail, about the merits of which I heard a good deal certainly, enabled me to go from island to island, and to visit the mainland when I chose. Sometimes Pip went with me, standing up like a little man all the time, firmly planted between my knees.

We used to stop away for hours together, and somehow as I came to know Pip better I began to think that I had been quite wrong in the cruel thoughtless way I had treated all the animals. There is something very humanizing in the frank society of a little child. I taught him almost all I knew, and marvellously quick he was at learning. In a few months he had mastered a language thoroughly. He had learned to walk, and swim, and ride, and climb, and shoot; to stop crying when crying was no use; to go to sleep when he was bidden; and to call the flowers, and beasts, and birds, and insects by their proper names. Finally, he knew as much about my poor inventions as I knew myself. Pip's education was an education for both of us. Looking back now, I can say with the most absolute certainty that I learned far more from that child than ever I taught him.

It had been one of Xoe's first thoughts when I met her that I would take the business of killing things off her hands, and little Pip's companionship somehow or other made me wish that I could now relegate this duty to some one else. I had constructed a fish-pond, and a turtle-pond, and an oyster-bed. Sometimes I had to do a little hunting for the larder. That could not be helped. But Pip was so fond of all living things which would let themselves be petted, that my old sporting instincts almost died away. Nothing pleased us so much as when our forays to the mainland enabled us to bring back a couple of long-horned goats and their kids, some sheep and their lambs, a large-eyed gazelle, or a basketful of white rabbits or furry-legged fowls. And here I am bound

to say the dog was most wonderfully useful. In a short time the island was peopled with animals, which day by day became more grateful for Pip's kindness. Soon we had as much milk and as many eggs as we wanted, and wherever we went the friendly beasts came bounding towards us to be fed, or only petted, and all day long their voices sounded as blithe and clear and musical as the voices of the singing-birds with which all the trees now abounded.

Xoe was inexpressibly delighted with the change, and she would have it that Pip's plan was far more successful than mine. If I argued the question, she pointed quietly to the dog, which never left Pip for a moment, and growled even at us if we talked too loudly when his little master was sleeping. She delighted in our afternoon rides through our picturesque dominion, of which Pip was now the lord and master, with Xoe and myself and the dog for his humble administrators. I used to lead the way, with Pip sitting in front of me trying to coax my horse, now very fat and very lazy, out of his usual amble. Xoe followed after, intent on losing none of Pip's ingenious remarks. She was singularly quick at finding out his witty sayings; and when she repeated them to me from behind us, I often wondered at my own stupidity in not having detected them at first. When she and Pip happened to laugh together, the dog used to trot eagerly from one to the other with a most expressive and encouraging bark.

But, between ourselves, I think Pip and I enjoyed our early morning walks almost as much as the rides. At this time Xoe was busy with household duties, and we, as useless creatures, were free to do what we pleased. So we would start off hand in hand for a sandy pool we knew under a clump of overhanging trees. As Pip trotted beside me he would prattle away of all the great things he was going to do by-and-by—just as I had talked, but to myself, alas! in times long gone. Then as he warmed up he would run off on that side or this, mowing down the tall plants with his little cane, and performing prodigies of valor on every big dandelion within reach. When we came to the blue sea he always made a pretence of running away, until I caught him and flung him in, to dive after him as he sank. In this way Pip soon learned to swim. And wonderfully pretty and chubby he looked, lying on his back in the cool, fresh sea, laughing with delight, and splashing the white



ripples at me or at the dog with his little hands and feet. Then we ran races home again, and Xoe was always on the lookout to cover the victor with kisses, and the victor, as it happened, was always Pip.

"You are spoiling that child!" Xoe used to say regularly every day, with the same fond look of admiration in her eyes. "I thought I had you pretty well in hand, but, Zit, you are a perfect slave to him."

Pip always used to laugh out merrily at this, as if he knew, and I have no doubt he did, that I was not the only one who spoiled him. But Pip was a boy who could stand a good deal of spoiling before he was any the worse of it. Here Xoe and I were quite in accord, and we often talked this over quietly, after we had tucked him up into his little white cot for his siesta.

He was dressed just like me now, and he had in miniature everything I owned myself. His tiny hatchets had a rack beside my own. His little leather sandals, when they lay beside mine in the cave at night, made my feet seem terribly clumsy and enormously big. He was a dead shot, too, with his little bow; and as his arrows were, of course, all blunt at the point, for fear he might prick his fingers, it was a favorite amusement of the kids and lambs about to come up and be shot at.

"This really won't do!" cried Xoe one afternoon, as, with Pip on my shoulder, I ran into the pretty little cave she kept as her own dressing-room, followed helter-skelter by half the colony of beasts and birds. "This won't do, Zit," she continued, snatching Pip from me, and driving the whole tribe of his followers away with waving of hands and gentle imprecations, and a good deal of eager help from the dog.

"What won't do, Xoe?" I asked in the most profound astonishment. "I never saw you looking prettier, or brighter, or happier than you look now."

"That is exactly it," said Xoe, trying to pucker up her dimpled cheeks into a woe-begone expression. "We are far too happy. Don't you remember that you agreed we should be happy here for a little, and then go away and be happy somewhere else. We are forgetting all that. I have never been near that wretched mainland since we left it, and I sit here and shiver all the time Pip is over there. We must think of his future, dear. We must see that he never suffers as we have suffered. We must be sure, beyond any possibility of doubt, that nothing of our past ever reaches him."

"I dare say you are right, Xoe," I answered. "But I really don't think Pip would ever care two straws about the lot of them. You ought to have seen him kill that cobra yesterday morning."

"I have no patience with you, Zit," said Xoe. "The boy is as brave as he can be. Nothing frightens him. I dare say he will talk like you when he is as old as you are. But you only talk like this because you are a man. You know nothing of the way in which those horrible creatures hate us. It takes a happy woman with her little baby laughing and crowing in her arms to know that, and you were asleep when they were gibbering all around us in the trees that awful evening. I saw them though, with their bony fingers and their narrow foreheads, and with jealousy, envy, malice, and all unspeakable meannesses glinting out of their small eyes. They hate us because we love each other dearly, and because Pip is as beautiful as our love itself, and because we are happy with a happiness quite unfathomable to them. That is all. So long as they feel their degradation like this, and their miserable inferiority, we can never hope to change them, Zit. You must kill them off or leave them to snarl away among themselves. But why should you kill them off, poor wretches? Surely you have killed enough. And from what you told me of the mainland when you went back to it, they are more noisome dead than alive. Look at Pip and think of them. Can we stretch too wide a gulf between the two?"

Xoe's face had become quite flushed and almost hard-set as she spoke, but her eyes were soft with tears when she looked towards Pip.

"You are a dear, good creature!" I cried. "I had forgotten how you suffered. We will go when you like."

"Thank you," said Xoe. "It is best. But you are a dear, good creature too, Zit, and much cleverer than I am. Anybody can be a mother, but it takes months of training to make a father, and I never thought you would get on with Pip as you do. Sometimes he seems far fonder of you than of me. I wish you could only see how he imitates you when you are away. How he struts about like you, and tries to make himself look big, and talks in a deep, low voice. Sometimes I am so amused that I answer him as if he really were you, Zit, and then he always ends, as I dare say you would like to, by giving me a regular scolding. You are both of you a little bit conceited, dear, and I tell

you what—I am more conceited than either of you in having such a husband and such a son. If I want to go away, it is only because I feel that the great happiness we have here cannot possibly last.

So by degrees we built our boat, and building on a large scale was easy to me now, after all the boats I had made since we reached our island. So one gloomy morning we sailed away, our eyes full of tears for the friends we left behind, but our hearts beating bravely when we thought of the new home that was waiting for us somewhere beyond the gold and crimson glories of the sun that had sunk far across the sea the night before. As soon as the big sail was set, I silently took the tiller from Xoe. I let the boat go with the wind, and it bore us out to sea, straight away from our islands. But even the great sea itself was an illusion. It was only a broad gulf after all, hemmed in on either side by tall black mountains, and towers, and turrets, and columns of black rock, which, when the midday sun shone on them, changed to a singular bright rose-color. This I took as a good omen. I turned the boat boldly down the gulf, and we sailed on until we lost all record of time.

It was rather odd, was it not, that my great-great-granddaughter should have taught me how to read and write. But here I am, nevertheless, finishing this brief record of our early days on a broad verandah overlooking a hill-girt lake that was never so peaceful, so sultry, so placid as it is just now.

Work is over for the day. From the long stretches of yellow corn-fields the husbandmen and their lazy cattle are coming slowly home. Beside the huge brick furnaces the hissing bronze is hardening into shape under the firm, wet sand, and white-robed girls, with great baskets of luscious fruit deftly poised upon their heads, are loitering to talk with the thirsty, grimy smelters. The carpenter's adze and the weaver's shuttle lie at last at rest, and all the idle gossips are laughing together under the peepul tree by the well. The children in the village round about have just escaped from school, and are dancing gaily down the street to the music of the panpipe and the lute. I had laid my reed-pen aside to watch them, when Pip suddenly burst in, burly, tanned, stalwart and very determined, and for long years the ruler of us all.

"Father!" he cried, "there has been another robbery in the village, and they

all know the culprit as well as we do. They talked of expelling him last night. So long as you are with us our simple village life will last. But if we have ever to carry you away, father, to that dismal burning ghaut beside the lake, I shall be able to restrain them no longer. Men will turn against men, like those beasts you told me of long since, and we are so much cleverer than the beasts that the battle will be cruel indeed, and will not soon be over."

"Hush, Pip!" said Xoe, who had come quietly upon us. "Don't say such dreadful things to your father. Can't you see that he is busy with his writing? You are always looking forward, Pip, and your father and I are always looking back. But you will never be half the man your father was if you let every petty squabble upset you so. You should think of us a little; and just now, when I want to speak seriously to your father, I wish you would give them a hint that their panpiping would sound sweeter and far softer from the other side of the lake."

Pip kissed his mother gently, and went out to do her bidding.

"Poor Pip!" said Xoe, when he had gone; "though he has not so much control over the others as you have, Zit, he has a wonderful control over himself. But I wish he would not talk about such dreadfully improbable things. How is the book getting on?" she continued. "I am far more afraid of that book of yours than of all Pip's forebodings."

"I won't write another word after to-night!" I cried firmly, rather glad of an excuse for the idleness that was fast growing upon me. "My poor old reed-pen is worn down to a stump. Let me finish off this scroll, Xoe, and I will never touch papyrus again. How still it is to-night! Listen to the sheep-bells on the hillside, and look at the sultry mist slowly covering the blue lake like a beautiful veil!"

But Xoe was still looking over my shoulder, giving my white hair a loving little pat, that always presages a scolding.

"You haven't said anything about our origin, Zit?" she asked very anxiously. "You and I are proud, of course, of the way in which we have got on. But the children know nothing of our past, and why should we tell them?"

"Xoe," I retorted, "you made our great-great-granddaughter teach me how to read and write, and it would not be fair on the child if I put down anything in black and white that is not really true."

"True and false, my dear old Zit," said

Xoe promptly, "they are nothing more than my right and wrong of long ago. It all depends. The children are not like me. They take everything far more seriously. I know all your old stories by heart. I love them just as I love the trees in our garden, because I have watched them grow. But they believe everything as you tell it. They all believe every word of your famous bear story. Why should we degrade them so terribly with the tale of our mean origin? They are what they are, thanks to us; let them thank us forevermore."

"I have written down everything, Xoe," I said, very tenderly kissing her hand, "because I owe everything to you, and I cannot for the life of me help saying so. Still, nobody but you can read my writing, so it does not really matter."

"That is true," said Xoe dubiously; "and, of course, you always know best, Zit."

"I am glad you think so, at last, Xoe," I cried, intensely gratified; "but why have you never owned it before?"

"Because I am not quite sure of it now," answered Xoe. "And oh, I do wish you had never written that wretched book!"

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From The Quarterly Review.

TRAVELS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.\*

IN days when proposals for the dismemberment of the empire can be put forward by great leaders of public opinion without exciting either indignation or surprise, it may be worth the while of Englishmen to spend a few hours in making themselves acquainted with the volumes which we have cited at the head of this article. Most men are so absorbed in what is going on immediately under their eyes, that they seldom bestow a thought upon the remoter portion of the vast territory which acknowledges allegiance to the queen. They have but the most vague ideas, or none at all, concerning the thoughts, wishes, and purposes of the large and growing communities which sprung from these islands, and which have hitherto been proud of their English origin. It is true that this pride has not

been increasing of late years. The neglect or contempt with which the colonies have been treated by successive Liberal administrations did much to estrange the people, especially of Canada and Australasia, and the whole foreign policy of England under Mr. Gladstone's rule served to strengthen the general impression, that our decadence had not only set in, but was advancing with a rapidity which was palpable to all the world except to those who were chiefly concerned in arresting it. Mr. Froude tells us, that one of the shrewdest and most eminent of all the colonists whom he met expressed his amazement at the popularity in this country of Mr. Gladstone, — an amazement which, Mr. Froude adds, is felt "wherever the English language is spoken," outside England itself. We can fully confirm this statement. The hold which Mr. Gladstone retains upon the country, after the long series of unparalleled mistakes which a faithful review of his career must forever associate with his name — the mistakes abroad, the mistakes at home, the crowning and almost incredible mistakes in Ireland; that he should still keep his hold of power and popularity after all this, absolutely passes the understanding of our fellow-subjects abroad, no matter what politics they profess. To them, we appear to be a people controlled by some Circean spell, having cast common sense and prudence to the winds, and decided to be ruled henceforth by the man who can tickle our ears with the longest speeches and the smoothest words. Byron was accustomed to say that he looked upon the opinion of America as the verdict of posterity. It is certain that our own kinsfolk beyond the seas are sometimes in a far better position to realize the consequences of what we are doing here than those who are actually playing the game. We are too much wrapped up in self-complacency to allow their opinions to have any weight with us, but they have the satisfaction, such as it is, of seeing all their prognostications verified one after the other, and of knowing that a rude and stern awakening from our dreams is hanging over us.

Of the three books to which we invite attention, Mr. Froude's is least like the average book of travel, and undoubtedly is the most suggestive of thought. Whether we agree with Mr. Froude, or whether we do not, it is always a pleasure to read him. The "shoddy" work which extends to everything in the present day, and which is eating into the very heart of our new literature, has not corrupted the

\* 1. *Oceana, or England and her Colonies.* By James Anthony Froude. London, 1886.

2. *Through the British Empire.* By Baron von Hübner. 2 vols. London, 1886.

3. *The Western Pacific and New Guinea.* By Hugh Hastings Romilly, Deputy Commissioner of the Western Pacific. London, 1886.

older handicraftsmen among us. Not one record of travel in a hundred deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with "Oceana;" there are not very many books of the kind in the language which excel it in variety, in vigor of style, in picturesqueness of description, or in vivid glimpses of insight into personal character. Baron Hübner is a more genial, discursive, and garrulous traveller. He tells us everything that comes into his mind, and has a note about everything he saw. We must add that these notes are, generally speaking, of great interest, and often very amusing. He undertook a journey over the greater part of the British dominions, at a somewhat advanced period of life; for his readers ought to be reminded that he is the last survivor of the Congress of Paris, and that few men have had more valuable experience in the diplomatic service. Before he started, the baron heard that his project was freely discussed at the Travellers' Club. Some said, "What a plucky old fellow he is!" His comment upon this shows that he knows something of men as well as of places: "If any harm befalls me, they will say, 'What an old fool he was!'" Happily, there was no occasion for pronouncing this judgment upon him. He followed out his prescribed route with wonderful success, and he has presented a graceful and highly interesting narrative of his adventures. His observations may, in many respects, be usefully compared with those of Mr. Froude, though it will not do to carry this comparison much further. We must, however, do the baron the justice to acknowledge, that he always manifests an earnest desire to be fair and just. As for the third book on our list, it has the advantage of being short and to the point, and the additional advantage of being founded upon a personal residence in one of the islands of the western Pacific. Travels based upon something more substantial than a mere flying visit are not too common, and we are grateful to Mr. Romilly for making a very entertaining addition to the number. We should be equally glad to receive the account of north New Guinea which a Russian gentleman, Mr. Miklaho Maclay, is so well able to furnish. It so chanced that he was landed one night on the north coast of New Guinea, and in the morning the natives found him sitting upon his portmanteau, like a man waiting for a train. They took him for a being of supernatural origin, but by way of making sure, they fired arrows at the stranger, tied him to

a tree, and forced spears down his throat. As he survived these injuries, though by a narrow chance, the first impression of the natives was confirmed, and Mr. Maclay was afterwards treated in a manner which seems to have left him little ground for complaint. Thus far, Mr. Maclay, as Mr. Romilly informs us, has declined to commit any account of his experiences to paper; but a resolution of this kind is seldom unalterable when a man has anything new to tell the world.

Mr. Froude, as we have already intimated, intersperses the records of travel with weighty reflections, or with valuable information, no part of which can be prudently ignored by the reader. We do not know, for instance, where in a short compass the arguments for and against colonial federation have been so clearly set forth. As a rule, the colonists everywhere view with great aversion the idea of placing themselves under the direct authority of Downing Street, and no one will be surprised at this who recollects the treatment they have almost invariably received from that quarter. On the other hand, they are by no means impatient or eager to proclaim their independence. "British they are," says Mr. Froude, "and British they wish to remain." It will not be their fault, but ours, if total separation ever becomes a popular cry in Australasia or in Canada. There have been projects of a purely local colonial confederation, but they are not regarded with much favor by the leading public men. Mr. Dalley, of Sydney, expressed strongly his disapproval of the scheme, and he also objected to the plan of having the colonies represented in the imperial Parliament by colonial agents-general. The one thing which seems at present to be universally desired is a better organization of the navy. "Let there be one navy," Mr. Dalley said, "under the rule of a single Admiralty—a navy in which the colonies should be as much interested as the mother country, which should be theirs as well as ours, and on which they might all rely in time of danger." In these respects, the ideas of modern colonists differ widely from those held in the last century. The great grievance of the American colonists was that they were not represented in the British Parliament. Had that demand been conceded, Mr. Froude is of opinion that "Franklin and Washington would have been satisfied." We do not quite agree with him, for the party of independence, though small at first, was never likely to remain long contented with any



compromise. Originally, indeed, as we all remember, the leaders of the Revolution disclaimed any intention of bringing about a separation. Franklin to the last protested his desire to keep the colonies united to the mother country; but Franklin was not the most sincere or straightforward of men. Undoubtedly, however, the American colonists did not begin the Revolution with the least desire to create a separate nationality, any more than in the great civil war of 1861-65 there was at first, or for a long time, any intention of effecting the abolition of slavery. Both ideas were acquired by the people by slow degrees. Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Virginia, and other States gave emphatic instructions to their delegates in 1774 to "restore union and harmony between Great Britain and her colonies," and the party of independence was thoroughly unpopular down even to the close of the struggle. One of its leading spirits gave emphatic testimony on this point. "For my own part," wrote John Adams, "there was not a moment in the Revolution when I would not have given everything I possessed for a restoration to the state of things before the contest began, provided we could have a sufficient security for its continuance." This feeling had no small share in misleading George III. on the American question, and in deepening his determination not to let the colonies go—a fact which was brought out for the first time, we believe, by one of the ablest and most judicious of modern historians, Mr. Lecky. He also was the first to show, in a very striking manner, that the American Revolution was practically the work of a small minority, who, as he remarks—and the remark has no slight application to the other revolution now going on in our midst—"succeeded in committing an undecided and fluctuating majority to courses for which they had little love, and leading them step by step to a position from which it was impossible to recede."\* Nearly one-half of the Revolutionary army consisted of Irish, who have ever since played so important a part in the politics of the United States.

In the present day, our colonists do not seek for separation, neither—if Mr. Froude is right—do they ask for representation at Westminster. They "are passionately attached to their sovereign," and they desire that their governors "should be worthy always of the great

person whom they represent." They wish to have their trade encouraged, as it might so easily have been a few years ago, if we had possessed foresight enough to adopt a system of differential duties; they wish to have good immigrants, and they see the growing necessity for a strong navy. The information on these subjects which Baron Hübner acquired should be considered in connection with Mr. Froude's statements. It will be found that the two writers substantially agree. Baron Hübner found that the Australian colonists fully comprehend the disadvantage which complete independence would be to them. They are practically independent now, but they are spared the political and social turmoil in which the periodical election of a president would necessarily involve them. "The queen," said one of the baron's friends, "sends every five years a governor, who is not an autocrat like the president of the United States, but the representative of constitutional royalty. In America every four years, business is arrested, public order is disturbed, and passions are let loose to the point sometimes of threatening even public life itself. And why? In order that the nation may elect an absolute master, irremovable by law during his period of office. Here every one understands this, and every one knows how to leave well alone." We do not quite see how the president of the United States can be described as an "autocrat" or as an "absolute master," but the Australians are right in their conclusion, that the American system would be a sorry substitute for the arrangement which gives them a governor without inconvenience to themselves, and without any risk of infringement upon their liberties.

In the Cape Colony, the problem presents itself in a different form. In its origin—as everybody ought to know, but does not—it is not an English, but a Dutch colony, and the Boers have never been disposed to render to English sovereignty more than a passive obedience. The chief facts in their recent history are but too easily recalled. When the Transvaal was annexed by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the people at first submitted quietly; but the new commissioner aroused first their fears, and then their anger, by various encroachments which were regarded as invasions of their rights. The Boers took up arms, English troops were despatched from the Cape to suppress the rising, and these troops were

\* See Mr. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iii., p. 443, etc.



beaten at Lang's Neck. General Colley, who then commanded the forces at Natal, hastened forward with more troops in the hope of retrieving this disaster, but was himself beaten at Ingogo. He then, without waiting for the reinforcements which were on their way to him, took up a new position, was attacked by the Boers, and defeated in the memorable disaster of Majuba Hill. Mr. Gladstone forthwith surrendered everything, and since that time the Boers have been, as a matter of course, more and more antagonistic to the English power. "They came to Africa," says Baron Hübner, "in 1652, with the intention of remaining there, and they do remain there. The future and Africa belong to them, unless they are expelled by a stronger power, the blacks or the English. They accept the struggle with the blacks, and they avoid all contact with the English." Mr. Froude takes now, as he has always taken, a very strong view of our own responsibility for all the difficulties which have arisen with the Boers. We have, he says with some bitterness, "treated them unfairly as well as unwisely, and we never forgive those whom we have injured." The story is long, and it has been treated more than once, and we believe with strict fairness and impartiality, in these pages. Mr. Froude himself does not deny, that the effect of the surrender after Majuba Hill "was to diminish infallibly the influence of England in South Africa, and to elate and encourage the growing party whose hope was and is to see it vanish altogether." The work was not half done. We insisted upon a new treaty, which was immediately broken by the Boers. Mr. Froude once more recommends us to "leave the Cape alone" — not to get out of it, but to allow the Boers to manage their affairs in their own way. "Our interferences," he tells us, "have been dictated by the highest motives; but experience has told us, and ought to have taught us, that in what we have done or tried to do, we have aggravated every evil which we most desired to prevent. We have conciliated neither person nor party."

Baron Hübner arrived at his conclusions by a totally different road from that pursued by Mr. Froude, but the burden of his story is much the same. It is the indecision of the central government, the uncertainty in which the colony is always kept as to what will happen to them next, which causes nearly all the mischief. We have treated the Cape Colony as we have treated Ireland, and with every pros-

pect of bringing about the same results. First coercion, then abject surrender, then coercion again — "a process," as Mr. Froude justly remarks, "which drives nations mad, as it drives children, yet is inevitable in every dependency belonging to us which is not entirely servile, so long as it lies at the will and mercy of so uncertain a body as the British Parliament." Baron Hübner, who stands beyond the influence of our party politics, tells us the same thing in other words. We want a policy, he says, in effect, which shall be permanent in its application, and, therefore not affected by changes in ministries. The fact is that we want such a policy for many parts of our empire besides South Africa, and we are likely to want it. With Parliaments elected at short and frequent intervals, and depending largely on shifting caprices, there is not likely to be any fixed principle in dealing with political problems arising either at our own doors or thousands of miles away.

There is one question in which all the colonists take a deep interest, and that is the condition and prospects of our trade. The colonies are now our best customers, and we sincerely hope they will continue to be so, for with them we may possibly get, even yet, something like free trade, whereas no chance of securing even an approach to it can be looked for in the rest of the world. The colonies will always raise at the custom house the greater part of the money they want for the expenses of internal government, but they may be induced to offer England more favorable terms than other nations receive. In Australia, as elsewhere, it begins to be doubted whether "England can trust entirely to free trade and competition to keep the place she has hitherto held." If all our colonies were bound with us in one great commercial federation, we could make sure of free trade over a large part of the world's surface. "We should have purchasers for our goods," remarks Mr. Froude, "from whom we should fear no rivalry; we should turn in upon them the tide of our emigrants which now flows away." But at present, and with the fiscal system of 1846 still regarded as sacred and inviolable, nothing can be done. When we are prepared to acknowledge that the world has moved since 1846, and that we must move with it, there may be a possibility of widening the field of our commerce — unless, indeed, we delay too long. Public opinion in England is beginning to

stir upon the subject. The demand for a great and radical change will come, when it does come, from the working men, and they are already showing signs of deep interest in a matter which concerns the very means of their livelihood. They are in advance of Parliament and ministries on this subject. Mr. Froude is well within bounds in asserting that "those among us who have disbelieved all along that a great nation can venture its whole fortunes safely on the power of underselling its neighbors in calicoes and iron-work, no longer address a public opinion entirely cold." What, perhaps, has tended as much as anything else to open our eyes is the discovery, that other nations begin to be able to undersell us, not only in foreign markets, but even in our own — here in England, at Sheffield, Birmingham, and Manchester. Carlyle usually defined the free trade theory as the system of "cheap and nasty." As we have never had free trade, and therefore as it has never been properly tested, it is impossible to say what effects it was capable of producing, properly worked out. The great fact which confronts us to-day is that no other nation in the world, and not even our own colonists, will have anything whatever to do with it on any terms. This fact, at least, the English working men are beginning to see and to understand, and results will flow from it at present not anticipated by statesmen, who know little or nothing about the hard matter-of-fact conditions under which trade is carried on, and who are assiduously primed by underlings with statistics which they repeat by rote, and as to the real value or signification of which they are completely and hopelessly in the dark.

According to Baron Hübner, the Australian colonists have not abandoned the hope of forming a customs' union with the mother country, and they are far from regarding the proposals for giving them representation in Parliament with the indifference which Mr. Froude imagines that he detected. No one yet seems to have made even an effort to settle the details of a scheme by which a navy could be kept up for the defence of the colonies, and an imperial Zollverein formed between England and her foreign possessions. But the "advanced men," according to Baron Hübner, feel convinced that the idea can be carried out, and they are desirous of finding, as a preliminary, direct representation in some form at Westminster. The growth of this idea, says Baron Hübner, "of a grand confed-

eration, which would completely revolutionize old England, or rather, which would create a new England by the handiwork and after the pattern of her children in Australia — the growth of this idea among the masses is, to my mind, an indubitable fact." More improbable things have happened than that England, weakened at home by the selfish ambition of her statesmen, and by the frenzy of party warfare, may be saved by the patriotism of her descendants in other lands. The first opportunity which the colonists have had of evincing their determination to stand by the old country was promptly taken advantage of, and with a heartiness of spirit that we hope is not yet forgotten, quickly as all events, great or small, are nowadays crammed into "the wallet of oblivion." The offers of colonial aid during the Egyptian war roused a feeling throughout the colonies which astonished all Europe, and probably took many of the colonists themselves by surprise. "When English interests were in peril," Mr. Froude tells us, "I found the Australians, not cool and indifferent, but *ipsis Anglicis Angliciores*, as if at the circumference the patriotic spirit was more alive than at the centre. There was a general sense that our affairs were being strangely mismanaged." The men who think and talk like this are not struggling for place and power amid the demoralizing surroundings of modern Parliamentary life. They are able to take a cool and dispassionate view of us and our affairs, and they begin to think that public life has degenerated into a mere scramble for the spoils of office. Their indignation, when Gordon was deserted by the government which he had tried to serve, was far greater than we seem to have had any experience of amongst ourselves. They looked upon him as "the last of the race of heroes who had won for England her proud position among the nations; he had been left to neglect and death, and the national glory was sullied." They volunteered to come over and help us fight our battles. The Colonial Office, then under Lord Derby, was for a few days disposed to turn the cold shoulder to these offers of assistance. But the feeling which had been aroused in the country by the first announcements in the newspapers, was too deep to be mistaken. It broke through the ice in which the Colonial Office is usually imbedded, and compelled Lord Derby to make a warm and grateful response to the colonies. In reality, the people there are, as many travellers be-

sides Mr. Froude have remarked, more English than the English themselves in their sensitiveness as regards the national honor. We talk very coolly here of "standing aside," of "having seen our best days," and of giving up one part of our inheritance after another; but the Englishmen abroad are animated by very different sentiments. The love of the "old home" is strong in them, even though they may have been born in the colonies. It shows itself in a thousand different ways. At Ballarat, Mr. Froude seems to have been struck with a garden which might have been attached to an old cottage in Surrey or Devonshire. There were cabbage roses, pinks, columbines, sweet-williams, laburnums, and honeysuckle — all prized because they were the flowers of old England. The people everywhere speak the language with remarkable purity. The aspirate is rarely misplaced, unless by a recent immigrant. The misuse of the aspirate is, indeed, a peculiar part of the birthright of an Englishman. No one ever yet heard it from the poorest or most illiterate class in the United States. In Australia, says Mr. Froude, "no provincialism has yet developed itself. The tone is soft, the language good." The young people looked fresh and healthy, "not lean and sundried, but fair, fleshy, lymphatic." Mr. Froude could not see any difference between his countrymen at home and those who had settled down in this new and wider field of industry. "The leaves that grow on one branch of an oak are not more like the leaves that grow upon another, than the Australian swarm is like the hive it sprung from." Mr. Service, the prime minister of Victoria, fully shares the English predilections of his fellow-colonists, but he appears to feel some irritation at the tone so frequently adopted by the Liberal press and party in this country, and emphatically urged in their day by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. This tone is founded upon the argument, "The colonies are of no use to us; therefore the sooner they take themselves off the better." If some leaders and members of the Liberal party had their way, we should be without a colony in the world, without India, and with Ireland close to our own doors a hostile and an independent foreign power.

With regard to India, it is to Baron Hübnér's records of a very remarkable journey that we must turn for the notes of the most recent traveller. The work is not so exhaustive, especially as regards

the native States, as M. Rousselet's "*L'Inde des Rajahs*," but it is eminently readable and lively, and the author gives abundant evidence that he took with him everywhere an earnest desire to arrive at the truth, and a determination to form his conclusions with strict impartiality. It is evident that in India he soon began to feel the influence of that peculiar spell which the country exercises over most persons of a susceptible or imaginative temperament. "India," he says, "has always fascinated me," and few who have travelled there will not be ready to make the same confession. It is much to be hoped that the Radicals will be induced to listen to Baron Hübnér's testimony concerning the way in which we carry on government in our great Eastern dependency. Nowhere, strange as it may appear, but in our own country is English rule misunderstood or misrepresented. Injustice is systematically done to the purest, most conscientious, and most industrious civil service in the whole world; and our countrymen who are spending the best part of their lives in the effort to promote the welfare and prosperity of India, are too often held up to opprobrium as examples of merciless tyrants, whose only object is to grind down the natives into the dust. We seem to be losing many of the characteristics which formerly distinguished us in the world, but there is one which marks us out very plainly from all other nations — the habit of disparaging our own achievements and vilifying our own reputation. We do not find the Germans pertinaciously seeking to bring into disrepute the efforts now being made to extend their colonial possessions; the Americans have a motto, upon which they invariably act: "Our country — right or wrong." This may be carrying a good principle a little too far; but it is better than the course we pursue, of striving with might and main to dishonor our past, and to place our country in the most contemptible light before the rest of mankind. Instead of our having any reason to be ashamed of what we have done in and for India, we have every cause to be proud of it; and, if English people had an adequate knowledge of that work, and were in a position to exercise their common sense on the question, untrammelled by agitators and demagogues, they would acknowledge gladly that they were heartily proud of it. We believe that the great body of Englishmen in India are honestly endeavoring to do their duty, according to the

measure of their abilities, and that, if any event occurred to cause our removal from the country, it would inflict the direst forms of suffering and calamity upon the people. It is important to hear what a foreigner, not unduly prejudiced in our favor, has to say upon these points. First, then, in reference to the men who are engaged in the practical work of government—the civil service—Baron Hübner says:—

I have met everywhere men devoted to their service, working from morning till evening, and finding time, notwithstanding the multiplicity of their daily labors, to occupy themselves with literature and serious studies. India is governed bureaucratically, but this bureaucracy differs in more than one respect from ours in Europe. To the public servant in Europe one day is like another; some great revolution, some European war, is needed to disturb the placid monotony of his existence. In India it is not so. The variety of his duties enlarges and fashions the mind of the Anglo-Indian official; and the dangers to which he is occasionally exposed serve to strengthen and give energy to his character. He learns to take large views and to work at his desk while the ground is trembling beneath his feet. I do not think I am guilty of exaggeration in declaring that there is not a bureaucracy in the world better educated, better trained to business, more thoroughly stamped with the qualities which make a statesman; and, what none will dispute, more pure and upright than that which administers the government of India.

Of late years, as everybody is aware, a demand has sprung up for "local self-government" in India—a demand not originating with the natives themselves, but with the sentimentalists and philosophers who are doing their best and their worst to take all the manliness out of the English character. Lord Ripon was the mechanical mouthpiece of this sect, and there can be no doubt whatever that no governor-general or viceroy of India ever did so much harm in so short space of time. He and his school tried their utmost to persuade the natives that what they want is home rule—that panacea for all the evils of modern life which is likely to entail so many new burdens and trials upon us. The natives of India never suspected, until Lord Ripon strove to impress it upon them, that home rule is indispensable to their happiness. They are perfectly well aware that if our hold upon the country is ever relaxed, there will be nothing but chaos all through the land,—internecine wars, rebellions, and massacres, such as marked the history of India until our rule became well estab-

lished there. Lord Ripon closed his eyes to all this—a *doctrinaire* at heart, he could see nothing but his own crotchets. The natives, he declared, must have local self-government. But Baron Hübner found that the people did not understand or desire this much-vaunted contrivance. The native, he says, "refuses to be elected by his equals. He wishes to be chosen by his superiors, and his superiors are the English officials, represented in this case by the district officer or magistrate. In the north-western provinces, this opposition was so strong that the supreme government has been obliged, much against its own views, to give to the governor of those provinces the power of constituting the municipalities." The sentimentalists may try to develop the "native mind" as they please, but they will never persuade Hindoos or Mussulmans to trust their own countrymen as they trust us. We have a reputation among them for fairness and for justice which no native would ever aim to deserve, although he is not incapable of understanding and admiring it. An East Indian of any race or religion will never speak the truth if he can possibly help himself, but he has a certain respect for the man who can and does. No doubt the very earnestness, with which we seek to dispense equal justice among all classes, is a stumbling-block in our path, and always has been so. The native likes to deal with a judge who will wink at perjury, and who is not above taking a bribe. Yet the Englishman is everywhere trusted. "If proof were needed," says Baron Hübner, "to show how deeply rooted among the populations is English prestige, I would quote the fact that throughout the peninsula the native prefers, in civil and still more in criminal cases, to be tried by an English judge. It would be impossible, I think, to render a more flattering testimony to British rule." But these are facts which had no signification for Lord Ripon. He pursued a policy which, designedly or undesignedly, was calculated to bring our rule to an end. "Lord Ripon's resolution," some one told Baron Hübner, "means nothing or means this: The government foresees that the time will come when we must leave India to herself." Then there was the Ilbert Bill, placing Europeans in the country districts under the jurisdiction of native judges. How could the natives of all classes fail to look upon this as another evidence that the reins of power were dropping from our nerveless hands? The point of the



whole matter was thus put by one of the civilians to Baron Hübner: "The principle that the jurisdiction over European subjects of the crown must be reserved for judges and magistrates who are also European subjects, has always been maintained. And it has always been recognized that in this principle lies the only possible effectual guarantee to Europeans living in country districts against the perjury and false witness so common among the rural populations." The libert Bill proposed to take away these safeguards from the European, and would have left him at the mercy of native judges and native witnesses, whose only idea of justice is to make a few rupees out of its administration.

The school of Radicals represented only too numerous in the present Parliament — unreasoning, ignorant of India, impulsive, narrow, and insular — is also represented among the more recent importations of "competition wallahs." Baron Hübner met with many of them. "In their opinion," he says, "the ideal of a sound English policy is the dismemberment of the British Empire, and above all the abandonment of India. To save England, it is necessary first to destroy her." To the shrewd and experienced Austrian diplomatist, these ideas seem to be absolutely ruinous, but the oddity of it is that thousands of persons in England cling to them with a sort of idolatry, as if within them was compressed the sum and substance of all human wisdom. The Radical party to day lives upon these theories of dismemberment, although it is careful to keep its ultimate aim as much as possible in the background. In India, its adherents are doing an immense amount of harm. Baron Hübner seems to have been struck with amazement at the phenomenon. "This is, indeed," he exclaims, "a curious and perhaps a unique spectacle — an immense administration, managed according to doctrines which are repudiated by the large majority of those who compose it." The natives who are educated in our schools and colleges emerge from them filled with ideas of socialism and atheism. We break down their faith in their own creeds, without succeeding in inducing them to adopt Christianity. They find themselves free to construct a religion of their own, or to do without any religion. As regards the government, they are led to believe that it ought not to be where it is, and that India should be ruled by its own people. The native press is full of sedition. Let us

hear what Baron Hübner has to say upon this subject, for it is worth attention: —

Is there any public opinion in India? It is declared that there is none. And yet people agree in saying that the natives who have been educated in the State colleges have become singularly importunate of late years, that they are beginning to adopt a high tone, and that they take especial delight in criticising the acts of the Government, who, unwisely, as it seems to me, encourage if not provoke such criticism. These baboos and their newspapers, I am told, would only become dangerous at a crisis; and by a crisis is understood a disastrous European war. But the life of nations, like that of individuals, is nothing but a series of successes and reverses. Looked at from this point of view, the baboo is not such an insignificant being as he appears to be considered.

No doubt our Radicals would contend that the Austrian's notion, that it is unwise on the part of the government to encourage criticism directed against itself, is worthy of a man who has seen the Napoleonic régime, and who perhaps admires the "one man" form of government. But what is the English Radical party itself living under now? Was ever the "one man form of government" carried out in so relentless a fashion as we see it now in Parliament? Is there not one man in the government, surrounded by a crowd of nonentities — the one man filling the exact position for which the Americans have invented the significant word "boss"? All liberty of thought or freedom of action is gone. The principle insisted upon is, "Do whatever our leader tells us; go where he leads; give what he asks — all without murmuring or discontent. The man who murmurs must be drummed out of the ranks." If we saw the French submitting to this system, no words that we could use would be strong enough to express our contempt for them. As we happen to be doing it ourselves, it it must, of course, be good and wise. Granted that it is so, we may fairly ask even the Radicals whether they are quite sure that it is wise to think of giving up India? With what do they propose to replace our government? The testimony of every fair-minded man is that we have accomplished an incalculable amount of excellent work there. Our magnificent highways and railroads, our appliances for irrigation, would alone make our name immortal in the country. The people thrive under our rule; every man is secure in the possession of his property; war no longer devastates the country. We recommend everybody who is un-



aware of these and similar facts to consider well the evidence adduced by Baron Hübner:—

Materially speaking, India has never been as prosperous as she is now. The appearance of the natives, for the most part well clothed, and of their villages and well-furnished cottages, and of their well-cultivated fields, seems to prove this. In their bearing there is nothing servile; in their behavior towards their English masters there is a certain freedom of manner, and a general air of self-respect; nothing of that abject deference which strikes and shocks new comers in other Eastern countries. I have no means of comparing the natives of to-day with the natives of former generations, but I have been able to compare the populations who owe direct allegiance to the Empress with the subjects of the feudatory princes. For example, when you cross the frontier of Hyderabad, the climate, the soil, the race, are the same as those you have just quitted, but the difference between the two States is remarkable, and altogether to the advantage of the Presidency of Madras or of Bombay.

He goes on to say, that no one can deny that the British India of to-day presents a spectacle which has no parallel in the history of the world:—

What do we see? Instead of periodical, if not permanent, wars, profound peace firmly established throughout the whole Empire; instead of the exactions of chiefs always greedy for gold, and not shrinking from any act of cruelty to extort it, moderate taxes, much lower than those imposed by the feudatory princes; arbitrary rule replaced by even-handed justice; the tribunals, once proverbially corrupt, by upright judges whose example is already beginning to make its influence felt on native morality and notions of right; no more Pindarris, no more armed bands of thieves; perfect security in the cities as well as in the country districts, and on all the roads; the former bloodthirsty manners and customs now softened, and, save for certain restrictions imposed in the interests of public morality, a scrupulous regard for religious worship, and traditional usages and customs; materially, an unexampled bound of prosperity, and even the disastrous effects of the periodical famines, which afflict certain parts of the peninsula, more and more diminished by the extension of railways which facilitate the work of relief. And what has wrought all these miracles? The wisdom and the courage of a few directing statesmen, the bravery and the discipline of an army composed of a small number of Englishmen and a large number of natives, led by heroes; and lastly, and I will venture to say principally, the devotion, the intelligence, the courage, the perseverance, and the skill, combined with the integrity proof against all temptation, of a handful of officials and magistrates who govern and administer the Indian Empire.

Such is the testimony of an Austrian. It ought to bring a flush of shame to the faces of not a few Englishmen.

We have scarcely alluded to the lighter parts of Baron Hübner's volumes—to the excellent touches of description or sketches of character which enliven his pages, or to the numerous pleasantly told anecdotes of personal adventure. One of these anecdotes is worth repeating, though the author must pardon us if we tell it in our own way. It is too characteristic of life in New York—to too full of valuable hints for future travellers—to be lost sight of.

It appears that on his last morning in New York, the baron found that his notebook had been taken from his room in the hotel. His servant and his baggage had already gone on to the steamer, and the baron prepared to follow. First, however, as he still had two hours to spare, he thought he would take a final glimpse of Fifth Avenue. These are the little accidents which generally decide our fate in life—the visit to some friend, the call on a stranger, the unmediated walk. As the baron was passing along, a carriage suddenly stopped, a "fashionably dressed gentleman" jumped out, and ran up to the traveller with a cordial salutation. He introduced himself as a guest who had dined with the baron, at a dinner given by Lord Augustus Loftus in Sydney. "I am one of the admirers," he said, "of your '*Promenade autour du Monde*,' and I venture to ask you to do me the favor of writing your name in my copy of that book. In return, pray accept a volume of Longfellow's poems, with the author's autograph." The fashionable stranger had skilfully touched the weak place in an author's heart. Baron Hübner consented to be driven back to his hotel, where his new friend was also residing. On the way, the stranger suddenly be-thought himself that the two books were at the house of an acquaintance, "two steps from the hotel." He put his head out of the window, gave some fresh directions to the coachman, and the baron soon found himself being whirled along at a furious rate along streets which he did not recognize. Still, the old traveller had no suspicion of anything wrong. His voyages and adventures certainly seem to have left him in a more than ordinarily unsophisticated condition. At last the carriage stopped, our author was conducted into the dark passage of a small house, and then into a little dirty room, where he found a tall man seated

before a table, with his back to a mirror. In that mirror, the baron saw his dear friend from Sydney gently lock the door, and put the key in his pocket. Then he understood all about it.

Of course the tall man was polite, and after promising to go and fetch the volume of Longfellow, he proposed to the gentleman from Sydney a game of cards. While the two men played their sham game, the baron had time to reflect; he saw that he had been pounced upon very skilfully—in less than two hours the Bothnia would sail, the people at the hotel would think he had gone by her, no one would miss him, no one would search for him. He might be murdered with impunity—with what impunity the baron would have fully realized if he had known a little more of New York. No city in the world presents greater facilities for getting rid of the evidences of foul play. We have not seen the recent statistics of murders in New York, and doubt whether they have been published; but in the five years between 1870 and 1875, we happen to know that two hundred and eighty-one "homicides" were committed there, and that only seven of the murderers were hanged. Twenty-four were sent to prison—nominally for life, although that is a mere form—and more than one-fourth of the criminals were never brought to trial at all. If Baron Hübner had known all this, he would have regarded his two new acquaintances with even greater interest than he did.

How and why they let him go scot-free is to us a mystery. They invited him to take a hand in the game, and he declined. They pretended to play for him; won, and offered him the stakes. He told them he had no money with him, that they would get nothing for their trouble, that the French consul was to meet him on board the Bothnia to bid him adieu; if he were not there a hue and cry at once would be raised. "Then," adds the baron, "turning to my friend from Sydney, I said to him, 'Open the door.'" The ruffians gave in without further trouble. There was an exchange of looks between them, and the tall man said to the other, "Show him out." We have heard of many strange things happening in New York, but never of one so strange as that. "When I stepped upon the deck of the Bothnia," says the baron, "a few minutes before departure, I felt that I had had a narrow escape." Very narrow; we should advise Baron Hübner, if ever again he finds himself in New York, not to tempt his good

fortune by taking a drive with strangers who admire his writings.

For the novel and stirring incidents of travel, we must turn to Mr. Romilly's narrative of his experiences in the western Pacific. He transports us to a comparatively little known region, and it was his good or ill fortune to come into contact with phases of life which must, it is to be hoped, forever remain unknown to most of us. Few living men, for instance, have been present at a great feast on human flesh, cannibalism being one of the habits of savage life which is found to yield at the first touch of civilization. In New Ireland, however, Mr. Romilly happened to be present at a sort of state banquet, given in honor of a victory over the enemy. The enemy himself supplied the materials of the repast. The details of the preparation of the horrible food may be read in Mr. Romilly's pages by all who have a curiosity on the subject. Some few particulars concerning a compound called *sak-sak* may here be given:

They [the heads of the victims] were then disposed of in various ways, and when I asked what would be done with them, I was told, "They will go to improve the sak-sak." The natives on the east coast of New Ireland prepare a very excellent composition of sago and cocoanut, called sak-sak. I used to buy a supply of this every morning, as it would not keep, for my men. Now it appeared that for the next week or so, a third ingredient would be added to the sak-sak, namely, brains. I need hardly say that for the next two days of my stay I did not taste sak-sak, though my men made no secret of doing so. The flesh in the ovens had to be cooked for three days, or till the tough leaves in which it was wrapped were nearly consumed. When taken out of the ovens the method of eating is as follows. The head of the eater is thrown back, somewhat after the fashion of an Italian eating macaroni. The leaf is opened at one end, and the contents are pressed into the mouth till they are finished. As Bill, my interpreter put it, "they cookum that fellow three day; by-and-by cookum finish, that fellow all same grease." For days afterwards, when everything is finished, they abstain from washing, lest the memory of the feast should be too fleeting.

Mr. Romilly was informed by the natives that human flesh tastes even better than pork. One is satisfied to take their word for it. In the New Hebrides, it appears that the people prefer to eat it dried, or "jerked." At present, we are told, the cannibals in the world may be numbered by millions. Probably a third of the natives of the country where I am now writing (New Guinea) are cannibals; so are about two-thirds

of the occupants of the New Hebrides, and the same proportion of the Solomon Islanders. All the natives of the Santa Cruz group, Admiralties, Hermits, Louisiade, Engineer, D'Entrecasteaux groups are cannibal; and even some well-authenticated cases have occurred among the "black fellows" of northern Australia. I do not know that the fact of a native being a cannibal makes him a greater savage. Some of the most treacherous savages on this coast are undoubtedly not cannibals, while most of the Louisiade cannibals are a mild-tempered pleasant set of men.

This testimony can do no harm in England, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Romilly will not repeat it too often among his black friends, or the moral of it might be misunderstood.

The Solomon Islands still form a part of the world of which very little is known. They are rarely visited, and travellers who have gone for the purpose of "taking notes," have either altered their minds in good season, or never returned. Some years ago, Mr. Benjamin Boyd, a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, went out in his yacht, the *Wanderer*, and was captured by the natives. Search was made for him from time to time, and his initials were found carved on trees. A notice was placed on all the goods sold to the natives to this effect: "B. B., we are looking for you" — but no tidings were ever heard of the missing man. Mr. Romilly was told by the captain of a labor schooner that somewhere on the south coast he had noticed a European skull in a sort of temple; he recognized it as European from its size, and he also observed that one of the teeth was stopped with gold. We take it for granted that the dentists among the Solomon Islanders do not use gold for filling teeth. This, then, was probably the skull of the hapless owner of the *Wanderer*. The Solomon Islanders now make a practice of killing white men, if it can be done safely, in revenge for the way in which they have been kidnapped for the labor traffic. The diseases introduced by their treacherous white friends have made terrible ravages among them, and their own habits tend still further to reduce their numbers. "There are several places," says Mr. Romilly, "where it is the custom to kill all, or nearly all, of the children soon after they are born." This is the only region we ever heard of where so frightful and so unnatural a custom exists. Female children are, or used to be, destroyed in many countries; but the indiscriminate slaughter of all children is decidedly uncommon. These islanders

have another device which is supported by an argument not entirely devoid of strength. "In a battle the victorious party, if they can surprise their enemies sufficiently to admit of a wholesale massacre, kill not only the men, but also all the women and children. 'We should be fools,' say they, 'if we did not. This must be revenged some day, if there are any men to do it; but how can they get men if we kill the women and children?'" The same thought has doubtless occurred to modern conquerors elsewhere, though, happily, circumstances have not enabled them to carry it into practical effect. Some other curious details respecting this group of islands are given by Mr. Romilly. The old women, it appears, become adepts in the occult sciences, and the men occasionally find the trade of wizard lucrative. They are chiefly called upon to bring about a change in the weather, and their plan of operations is to gain time. It resembles, in some striking features, the method adopted by the "inspired statesman" of our own latitudes when he is trying to feel his way towards the development of some scheme which he is half afraid of himself, and which the public views with profound suspicion. Surely most of us could find a counterpart to the individual described in the following passage: —

One old sorcerer of my acquaintance was a most interesting study. If he was asked for fine weather (which, by the way, in the Solomons is the usual request, the rainfall being enormous), he used to temporise in a truly masterly manner. First he would hold out for more payment. This policy he could continue for an indefinite length of time, as he would of course require payment in a form which he knew was difficult or impossible for the natives to comply with. Then, if he thought there was any likelihood of fine weather for a day or two, he would become possessed of a devil, which would leave him at once if the sun made its appearance, but while the bad weather lasted the devil would last too; and finally, if the fine weather was very obstinate and would not come, he would hold out again for more payment. In this manner my old sorcerer was very seldom mistaken in his forecasts, and the influence he exerted over the clerk of the weather must have been most irksome to that functionary.

This leader of his tribe, we are further informed, had a "great hold over the imagination of his dupes." We are more civilized — or *we* think so — than the islanders of the western Pacific; but human nature is pretty much the same there as here. As for the philosophy of such

matters, it is thus summed up by Mr. Romilly: "I have often wondered what the sorcerer thinks of himself; whether he really believes himself to be a magician, or whether he realizes the fact that he is an arrant old humbug. I think there is a mixture of both feelings." It would be useless to pursue this enquiry any further.

Another of the unexplored islands of these seas forms a part of the Admiralty group, and is called Jesus Maria. It was visited by the Challenger in 1875, and again by Mr. Romilly on two occasions, the last in 1881, in H.M.S. Beagle. The natives, a fierce and warlike race, crowded round the vessel, eager to sell everything they had, including their babies. Bottles and hoop-iron were eagerly sought for. While engaged in carrying on this simple traffic, the party on board noticed, to their amazement, a white man on shore, who fired off a gun to attract their attention. The next day a boat rowed to the beach, and there stood the white man. He proved to be a Scotchman named David Dow, who was collecting *bêche de mer*, and found his trade prospects so good that he desired to remain where he was. The Admiralty Islanders have some "very singular customs," not to be met with anywhere else; but after thus piquing our curiosity, Mr. Romilly ruthlessly balks it by remarking "that they are, unfortunately, of a nature which cannot be described here." We share his regret upon his being obliged to keep the secret; for when a traveller has found out anything absolutely fresh and startling, common humanity should, in these dull and over-cast times, induce him to disclose it. But no doubt Mr. Romilly has his reasons for silence, and we must submit to them. The Germans have recently hoisted their flag upon several of the islands, and we may trust them to tell all that they can find out, and more.

In the Laughlan Islands—a small group—the Germans are also to be found. Indeed, they are spreading rapidly over the Pacific Isles. As the spirit of adventure is dying out among Englishmen, it appears to be increasing in other nations. The genius for colonization appears to have fled from us to Germany. Certain it is that the Germans are everywhere displaying that daring and enterprise in which we once shone above all other people in the world. They will probably end by becoming masters of the larger part of the western Pacific. As for the Laughlan Islands, it cannot be

said that any one whose lot takes him there need be regarded as an object of pity. The climate is good; food is abundant; life is tolerably easy. True, there are no newspapers and no Parliament; but existence has often been found supportable in the absence of these things. The natives are friendly; and there are no animals anywhere, not even rats. The men are decently clad, and the women wear a very voluminous kilt, sometimes two or three of them, over each other. These garments are made of grass, leaves, or fibre, stained various colors. "In wearing two or three, care is taken to produce an æsthetic mixture of colors—a little vanity which is met with sometimes at home amongst ladies who like to display petticoats of many colors. It is considered just as essential here to walk well as it is at home, but the two styles are not quite the same. The Laughlan lady, in walking, at each step gives a little twist to the hips, which has the effect of making the kilts fly out right and left, in what is considered a highly fashionable and beautiful manner. Though a somewhat similar effect to this may, I am informed, occasionally be seen in petticoats at home, still I fear that the firm stride of the Laughlan lady could hardly be reproduced in English boots. To see ten or twelve of these ladies walking in the unsocial formation of single file, which they adopt, with their many-colored kilts flying out on either side, is a very pretty sight." Evidently, a judicious traveller and observer might do worse than take a tour to the Laughlans.

Two other interesting spots to visit are Thursday Island and Norfolk Island, both British possessions, and the first a place of some importance, as the centre of the Torres Straits pearl-shell fishery. This trade has demoralized the natives, who now seem to spend a great part of their time in getting drunk, the Europeans too often setting the example. "It is a common thing," says Mr. Romilly, "for a diver to go down three-parts drunk. The dress is supposed to have a very sobering effect." Here is a little story which will produce a pang of regret in the minds of the jewellers of Bond Street:—

The best pearl I ever saw was in the possession of a celebrated diver who was a shipmate of mine from Thursday Island to Brisbane. He was offered on board the ship two hundred pounds for it, which could not have been a third of its value. But he refused every offer, as he had just been paid off, and



had plenty of money. I felt sure it would go the way of all pearls when his money was finished, and accordingly I informed a Sydney jeweller of it, and where he could see it. When I was in Sydney a few weeks later I made inquiries about it, and the jeweller told me that it was the finest pear-shaped pearl he had ever seen, but that it was unsalable at its proper value in Australia, and he therefore had made no attempt to buy it.

But the pearl fishery on these coasts is becoming less lucrative every year, and it is now falling almost entirely into the hands of natives, who can stay under water longer than men of our own race, and seem to be endowed with greater powers of endurance. As for the "labor trade" of which we all have heard so much, Mr. Romilly gives us to understand that it is dying out. It arose under the stimulus which the American war gave to cotton-growing, and to the sudden necessity for procuring assistance for the planters. At first, the natives were found ready enough to volunteer for the service, but the treatment they received was not calculated to encourage the spirit of volunteering. Then all sorts of artifices were tried to deceive them. Sometimes the labor-hunters pretended to be missionaries. "On the usual question being asked, 'Where shippy come?' they would reply, 'Missionary.' Perhaps they would all pretend to sing a hymn very slowly, while the hatches would be left open, and several tins of biscuits would be put into the hold." Curiosity would gradually draw the natives aboard, and then the hatches would be clapped on, and the man-stealers made off for Queensland or Fiji. It is to be hoped that Mr. Romilly is right in stating that these practices have ceased, but unless we are mistaken, accounts have appeared in colonial journals, within a very recent period, of organized raids upon these coasts for the purpose of carrying off the natives. It is needless to say, that a sentiment of hostility to all white men is likely to remain as the permanent result of this abominable system.

The fact is, that the white men who had the run of these islands down to a few years ago were chiefly the off-scourings of other countries. They found among the savages far fewer vices than they brought with them from the civilized world. Some of them had run away to escape from the vengeance of the laws which they had outraged; others were attracted by the freedom which an entirely new life opened up to them. From them have sprung a

brood of half-castes who are the curse of the islands — like many other half-castes, they manage to combine the evil qualities of both races. The chief traders along the Pacific are now becoming much more respectable. Some of them, indeed, appear to emulate the style and condition of the prosperous English merchant. Mr. Romilly knows such a man, living "within a day's march" of the wildest cannibals in the Pacific, who keeps up an establishment of forty or fifty men, with a French *chef*. "In a hitherto almost unknown island, he will give you a dinner, every night, which could not be equalled at any private house or club in Australia." He keeps a yacht for private exploring expeditions, and is to-day the principal "leader and pioneer in the Pacific." A narrative of his observations and experiences would be of very unusual interest, but like the Russian settler before referred to, he reserves for his own benefit the knowledge he has acquired. The Germans are pushing us hard, and in many respects they are better fitted for their work than English traders. There seems a fair prospect of a gradual elevation of social as well as of commercial life throughout the Pacific. Already, lawlessness is discouraged. Not so very many years ago, piracy was carried on openly in these seas. Mr. Romilly gives a very interesting and curious account of one of the last pirates, a desperado known as Bully Hayes, once a boatman on the Mississippi. This man began life by robbing his father, and soon afterwards made his appearance on the Pacific coast the proud proprietor of a fifty-ton schooner. "How he had obtained possession of this schooner," says Mr. Romilly, "was a matter of surmise, but he had been seen at Singapore not long before this time, and a fifty-ton schooner had mysteriously disappeared from that port without the knowledge of her captain and owner." He carried on a bold career of plunder for many years, and only came to grief at last by an accident which he could not have foreseen. He had stolen another vessel and was making for some of his favorite haunts along the coast, when the cook, who was steering, happened to give him some offence. At that time, Hayes was accustomed to settle all disputes off-hand with his revolver, and in accordance with this plan he ran below to get his "shooting irons." Mr. Romilly thus relates the sequel: —

The cook objected, and, catching up the first piece of wood he saw, got on to the top of the little deck-house over the ladder, and



the moment Hayes showed his head above deck, gave him a blow which killed him on the spot. This cook seems to have been somewhat doubtful as to whether Hayes was even now dead, so he fetched the largest anchor the cutter possessed, and bound the body to it, after which he hove anchor and body overboard, remarking, "For sure Massa Hayes dead this time."

Mr. Romilly, in the course of his wanderings, made a journey to New Guinea, a portion of which has now been placed under British protection. Little is known of the resources of the country, trading operations having hitherto been almost entirely confined to the south coast. Mr. Romilly's visit was brief, and he was not enabled to add much to our previous stock of information. He does not seem to be aware of the progress which the Germans are making in this island, or of the results of the energetic support which Prince Bismarck invariably extends to his adventurous countrymen.

Here, then, are three works which ought to have the effect of reviving the interest of the English people in their possessions abroad, if they have not sunk into a hopeless state of indifference and apathy on the subject. We do not for a moment believe that the working men are indifferent to the present and future welfare of our colonies, but they need to be instructed as to the true value of their great inheritance, and therefore it is that we earnestly wish such books as these could be made readily accessible to them. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of convincing them that it is our duty as a nation to hold fast to all that we have added, from time to time, to the dominions of the crown. The foreign policy of the country, no less than the domestic policy, must henceforth be directed mainly in accordance with their opinions; and if those opinions are left to be influenced and guided by the hereditary dislike of the colonies which infects all Radicalism, our position in the world will soon be reduced to one of comparative insignificance. Baron Hübner concludes his volume with these words: "Had I to sum up the impressions derived from my travels, I should say, 'British rule is firmly seated in India; England has only one enemy to fear—herself.'" That is the whole truth of the matter. We have to fear our party divisions, the want of true public spirit among too many of our "politicians," the tendency of Radical leaders to teach the doctrine that England ought to shut herself within her own island

boundaries, and cast off all outside responsibilities. Sentiments of this kind may be, and are, loudly cheered in the House of Commons, but very few Liberals are daring enough to advocate them in the country. Lancashire knows how valuable India is to her, and the manufacturing districts generally see the growing importance to them, merely from a commercial point of view, of the Australian colonies. The anti-colonial policy is growing less and less popular among the people. To discredit it altogether, it is only necessary to distribute, far and wide among the working men, facts and considerations of the kind furnished in the works to which we have endeavored to call attention.

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From *The Leisure Hour*.

#### A PILGRIMAGE TO SINAI.

BY ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP, AUTHOR OF "UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN," "A LADY'S RIDE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," ETC.

#### V.

#### ASCENT OF MOUNTAINS.

THIS day my pilgrimage has been crowned with success, for I have ascended Jebel Musa, the highest point of the Sinaitic ridge, and Râs Suifsâfeh, the presumed Mount of the Law, under the auspicious circumstances of solitude and superb weather, leaving the camp shortly before sunrise, dismissing my guide on the mountain-top, and returning in the evening twilight. I took my frugal breakfast by lamplight, and just as the first rosy flush tinted the east, and the last star withdrew, my guide arrived, a wretched Bedaween, one of the convent Arabs, scarcely erroneously called convent serfs, a dried-up, wizened creature not more than five feet three inches in height, lean, shiny, clothed in a girdled cotton garment which had once been white, a dirty turban, and goat-skin sandals, at once pathetic, stupid, and melancholy-looking, a quiet, harmless man, whose energies seemed concentrated on the search for vermin, a quest only too successful. Hassan stayed below to watch the tents. As the early rose-flush gave place to day, each mountain peak, sun-kissed, turned rosy, and the red granite peaks which confront Sinai became vermilion-colored. The splendor of the morning was nearly overwhelming, and the day has been perfect, absolutely cloudless, while the heat of the sun has been tempered by a keen north wind, which

here, as elsewhere, gives a peculiar brilliancy and clearness to the atmosphere.

The site of my encampment is over five thousand feet above the sea level, and as the summit of Jebel Musa is only seven thousand three hundred and seventy-five feet in height, the climb is not great, nor is the ascent a severe one, for Sinai, which on a first view looks so precipitous as to be inaccessible, is scarred by several deep narrow clefts. In one of these, called by the Bedaween the Pathway of our Lord Moses, the great natural boulders were arranged at a very early date into the rough similitude of steps in order to facilitate the ascent of pilgrims into the hill of the Lord. The road is steep, but the only difficulty was that it was impossible for a person of my low stature to climb the biggest of the boulders without being dragged up by the Bedaween by means of two straps. The Sinai range is one mass of *shivers*, great and small boulders, and fragments altogether sharp-edged. Soon after beginning the climb we halted at *Mayan Musa*, the Fountain of Moses, a cold crystal spring, beneath a great granite boulder. According to Bedaween tradition it was here that Moses watered the flock of his father-in-law Jethro. Eight varieties of small flowering-plants, including a lovely little blue forget-me-not, fringe this "spring of waters whose waters fail not," and the fragile fronds of the maiden-hair fern bend over it. Some *confervæ* of a peculiarly brilliant green abound within its rim, and the larvæ of mosquitos. If Bedaween tradition errs not, the great lawgiver, toiling up this ascent to the awful communings above, drank of this spring. Still climbing the cleft, among and over huge boulders of granite, among which I counted eleven flowering plants, we rested at a rude building of unhewn stone, called the Chapel of the Virgin of the Economos. This commemorates "the miraculous extirpation of fleas from the convent." According to all visitors, the plague has returned in full force.

After this the steps, turning to the right, ascend with much abruptness to a narrow cleft in a battlement of rock, spanned by a circular arch, with a rude cross on either face. The arch is very narrow, and there is a certain solemnity in passing under it, for there in the days of his mortal life sat the pious St. Stephen, "the porter," whose ghastly mummy guards the gate of the charnel-house, and after him sat a long line of successors and shivered through many ages the long succession of pilgrims who passed upwards to "the holy place

of Sinai" on repeating Psalm xxiv. 3, 4, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?" You will not wonder that I rested there, and gladly finished the psalm, thanking God for another gateway "through which the Forerunner hath for us entered, even Jesus," with the song of victory, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." Near this arch is another crystal spring, at the side of which a blue forget-me-not was struggling into blossom.

A little farther on is another rocky wall with another gateway, and then a small and most rugged plateau of shivered rocks, on which are a solitary cypress-tree and a rough ruinous building containing chapels dedicated to Elijah and Elisha. Near this is a small cave which tradition regards as the place of Elijah's temporary abode. As far as this plateau no part of the cleft which gives access to it is without some evidence in the shape of rough and Cyclopean steps that human agency has attempted to lessen the difficulties of the ascent. Beyond this the way is steeper and less defined. Upon the plateau stands the peak of Jebel Musa, a grand pile of naked grey granite without other vegetation than stains of orange and dark-grey lichen. I was three-quarters of an hour in climbing this last peak. For how many years, from early childhood upwards, have I thought and dreamed about this mountain-top, and have imagined its aspect! It is like and unlike — like in its absolute desolation, but unlike in its grandeur and majesty. The summit is very small and shivered into boulders, and leaves little space for aught but two rude buildings, a chapel and a mosque built out of the ruins of an earlier convent. Beneath the mosque is a cave, in which Mahometan tradition says that Moses passed the forty days and nights. Quite near is a deep cleft in the rock to which my Bedaween pointed and said something in Arabic, which I have since learned is the name signifying the "cleft of the rock" in which Moses was hid when the glory of God passed by. An empty champagne bottle profaned this summit, and I threw it with indignation over the southern precipice more than a thousand feet in depth.

The sun was then high and hot, but the north wind was so keen that I gladly sought shelter from it in that very cleft which tradition has hallowed as the place in which mortal received the grandest and most blessed revelation of Jehovah which

is found in the Old Testament. On the ears of Moses, which possibly near this same spot had listened to the awful words, "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me," fell the revelation, "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin." For once I am inclined to accept every tradition, and after all it does not matter much whether it was here or there, on Jebel Serbal or Jebel Musa, on this blasted peak or that, that Jehovah talked with Moses.

I stayed two hours on the top of Jebel Musa, and was loth to leave it, never more while the earth lasts to visit its awful solitudes again. It is worth all the desert heat and dreariness, the raging thirst, the relentless hot wind, the burning glare—the many torments of the journey here, and all the prospective misery of the journey back. Apart from all association, it is the grandest mountain view I have ever seen, and of mountains in which colors run wild, red, crimson, black, green, orange, brown-grey, blue-grey, all invested with a beauty not to be described by the blue atmosphere which bathed them all, and which carried the enchanted vision over the whole sea of peaks in the south of the peninsula, over deep wadys and reddened levels, to a far distance where the blue horizon was an ocean bluer than the land. Distance meant only a tenderer blue, not outlines less definite; nearness meant depths of violet shadow of an infinite coolness. Everywhere granite, syenite, gneiss, mica schist, and their varieties of basalt and porphyry, disported themselves in audacious freaks of color which I dare not attempt to describe. Flaming and flaring it would have been but for the softening effect of atmosphere. The huge mountain masses, crowned by the massive single pile of Jebel Serbal and the imposing peaks of Jebel Katarina and Jebel Zebur, both over eighty-five hundred feet in height, naked, harsh, and arid, were all glorified by this exquisite medium, and their rude rocks represented not granite of every kind, but sapphire, ruby, turquoise, aqua-marine, and a whole catalogue of precious stones. It was completely silent, unutterably lonely, awfully solemn. Every mountain of that wilderness of peaks has the same characteristic of being shivered. In reading their brief recorded history, it

did not seem a great stretch of imagination to suppose that their summits were riven when they "trembled at the presence of God."

Time went very fast. I ate my frugal repast of raisins, and water drawn from the well of Moses, and, rousing my sleeping guide, descended to the small plain on which stand the chapels of Elijah and Elisha, turned to the left, had a tedious scramble for a mile or more along a rough, rocky groove along the top of a ridge, passed a blighted willow which gives its name to Rás Sufsáfeh, and, after a toilsome climb of some hundred feet up a rugged ravine of shivered rocks, I gained the summit ridge, which is remarkably situated in a deep cleft between very high walls of rock. To this shivered, lonely, blasted summit, to which scarcely a tradition attaches, almost all recent scholarship and research point as alone the historic Mount Sinai, the holy place of the giving of the law, fulfilling every requirement of the sacred narrative. I established myself there for the afternoon, and read the last four books of Moses and the conclusion of Hebrews xii.

I have already been tempted into giving too many of my reflections. I must abstain; but you can imagine how much must have passed through the mind of a pilgrim from a far-off island alone upon that awful summit, with its indescribable solemnity, looking down upon a desolation which from it, as from Jebel Musa, stretches away to the limit of vision, sunlit red granite mountains, deep ravines, where the shadows were dark and sharp, winding wadys, and the vast and terrible wilderness of peaks, into the inmost recesses of which Moses led the host of Israel. But from Rás Sufsáfeh there is another feature in the view which arrests and detains the eye to the exclusion of much that is magnificent. This (so-called) Mount of the Law absolutely overlooks the yellow, gravelly plain of El Ráhah, which, with the Seih Lejá and the Wady er-Dayr all in full view of the mountain, afford, it is estimated, camping-ground for three millions of people without including the space afforded by some adjacent valleys. Moreover so abrupt is the descent upon the plain that, as it appears, one may truly touch the mountain as one may touch a cliff when standing on the seashore; so that the expression, "the mount that might be touched," may even be literally true.\* The suddenness with which the

\* Under the ridge of Rás Sufsáfeh lies the so-called

whole wide yellow plain of El Ráhab bursts upon the view when the summit of Rás Sufsáfeh is gained is most striking. It seizes upon one that on that plain and its diverging valleys only could the host of Israel have encamped, and that on this mount and this alone was the law given. To this pinnacle the sound of a multitude could easily have ascended from the plain below, and its canopy of darkness, its flames, and lightnings, might have been distinctly seen. How strange and trivial the babel of the crowded camp must have sounded as it rose to that shivered and lonely peak! Did Jehovah really speak to Moses here? Did the glory which no mortal could see and live, really rest for weeks on this blasted summit? Is that small hill at the entrance of the convent valley, which bears the name of Aaron, a witness to an actual fact that Israel lapsed into idolatry within view of the mountain which burned with fire? Do the carcasses of those who perished in the wilderness in the lengthened period in which Israel was encamped on the great plain of El Ráhab still bleach under its yellow gravel? Strange that of such transactions, which to this hour affect mankind, there should not be a single trace, and that the awful Mount of the Law should be named from a willow!

Yet as I read and re-read the book of Exodus on the lonely summit I felt that a sublimity attaches to the non-recognition of this peak by tradition. It looks as if it had been splintered by fire, frost, and earthquake, most desolate and awful. Fire might have passed over it but yesterday. Its crest might have been riven when "Sinai trembled at the presence of God," or in the later earthquake in the days of the prophet Elijah. Barren, naked, and blasted as is this peak of sublime memories, the bees hum as gaily on it as on the thymy moorlands of Tobermory, and on the awful front of Sinai a small forget-me-not raises its fragile cup to-day as though "blackness, darkness, and tempest" had never veiled the mountain with their gloom.

Far indeed was it from blackness and darkness in the bright Arabian sun, with the intense blue of the Arabian sky spreading in a clear vault of purity over the great expanse of naked mountains. I lingered till late. It was good to be there. It was sad to come down and leave the

mount on which, or near which, Jehovah made the first great revelation of his character and will. Sad to leave the mystery and enchantment of that unprofaned and silent solitude, and come down to the chatter and turmoil of the world below. In the glorious sunset the mountain landscape was seen to perfection. There was a complete carnival of color. I might multiply words without conveying ideas—it was indescribable. The colors changed constantly, ran one into another, faded, deepened, intensified, flamed. There were metallic gleams on the hillsides—orange, carmine, vermilion, brown-madder, green-brown, red-brown, cobalt, indigo, lilac, buff, olive-green, blue-grey, green-grey, while as the sun declined and the shadows lengthened, the ravines became filled up with red-purple, changing into violet-blue atmosphere, which faded into a tender grey, while the sky took to itself manifold tints of pink, green, red, and orange, the green brightened by delicate lines of pure vermilion. I was very weary and the descent was very fatiguing, and took so long that by the time I reached my tent the last red gleam had faded from Jebel Moneijah,\* the granite peaks were grey, and Orion wheeled majestically above the mountains of the Wady er-Dayr.

I write from Mount Sinai for the last time. I wish I could linger here, to stamp its form and surroundings indelibly on my memory. Once more by lamplight I read the end of Heb. xii. It is easier at Sinai than at Calvary to realize that "our God is a consuming fire." It is singular that Moses and Elias, the mighty prophets associated with Sinai, the one who had the mysterious honor of a divine burial, and the other that of a fiery translation, should reappear together on a Syrian hill in glory

\* A curious Mussulman tradition attaches to Jebel Moneijah. It is said that Mahomet rested on its summit, and that as he did so an eagle hovered over his head. The monks of St. Catherine, thinking it an augury of future greatness, received him into their convent, and with much worldly wisdom sought to ensure his protection for them in the future. He could not write, but stamped with ink on his hand the signature to a contract of protection written on the skin of a gazelle, which was deposited in the archives of the convent. It is said that this was removed to Constantinople by Sultan Selima, and that the monks received a copy of it, but this has never been seen.

The Bedaween have numerous traditions about Jethro, who is known to them as Sheykh Shouaib. The Wady er-Dayr is also called the Wady Shouaib. There is the cave of Shouaib, and there are two hills named after Jethro's daughters. The names of Moses and Aaron are largely retained in the nomenclature of the country around Sinai. The cluster of springs about Jebel Musa is the great resort of the Bedaween of the peninsula during the summer heats.

"rock of Moses," a mass from ten to fifteen feet high as it lies.



in company with Him who came "to fulfil the law," and speak with him of the perfect obedience which was to be completed by his decease at Jerusalem.

I. L. B.

From The Sunday Magazine.

#### A VISIT TO THE LEPROSY HOSPITAL OF BERGEN.

ONE of the most quaint and generally delightful towns in Europe is little Bergen. Situated as it is between the Hardanger and the Sogne Fiords, it is naturally a point of interest to the English tourists in Norway. The town is surrounded by lofty hills up whose slopes its streets and roads climb. The feet of the hills are washed by an arm of the sea, on which may be seen from the town masts of fishing-boats through vistas of brilliant green foliage. The waterway is hedged by mountains whose verdant tints fade into warm gray the higher they rise, the flinty shale cropping through the thinning herbage. It was on a bright afternoon in August, just like a crisp September one in England, that we walked out of Bergen, leaving the harbor market behind us, with its stalls of red fish and ripe fruits. We had bought very large red currants and ripe sharp cherries from a white-capped dear old woman sitting under a gray umbrella in the sunshine, and went off in our quest of Spidalsheie, the leprosy asylum. For Norway, the grand and fair, the land of invigorating breezes, of mighty fosses, of far-stretching glaciers, of salt-water fjords running inland for a hundred and fifty miles; Norway, the health-giving and beautiful, and the last country where one would expect to meet with such an awful disease as leprosy, is to-day in fact its European home. Leprosy, which the Crusaders brought back with them from Palestine in the fifteenth century, ravaged their homes with more ruthless fury than ever those soldiers had pillaged the paladin's land with fire and sword. The disease had existed before that time, but now its rapid increase caused vigorous measures to be taken. Nineteen thousand leprosy houses arose in Europe, and in every land the lepers were sought out and separated from their neighbors. Even in our old churches we still have the distinct chapels from which, themselves unseen, they could see the ceremony of the mass. Norway was the only land where this system was not adopted,

and while the disease has disappeared in other lands, in this, after the lapse of more than three hundred years, it still lives. The only cure for leprosy is segregation. Dr. Armaner Hansen, the greatest authority in Norway on this subject, considers the disease contagious—not hereditary; and so rapid was the increase of the scourge that it cast a dark and ever-increasing cloud over the land, and at length, in 1853, the government was convinced that leprosy hospitals were a national necessity. Norway is a poor country; the revenue is barely £1,000,000 annually, and yet out of this sum £20,000 is expended in fighting this disease. Three asylums were built and opened in the year 1859. The first at Trondheim, for the northern division of the country; the second at Mølle, for the Nordland; and the third and largest at Bergen, for the south. And the three were capable of accommodating 800 patients. In 1866 there were 795 occupants; in 1880 the number was 617. In spite of their persistent unwillingness to use the hospitals (which is now driving the government to seek more compulsory legal powers of isolating the sick, if not in the national asylums then in their own homes), how good this would be for the whole community, even if it is sad for the individuals affected! As the case now stands, paupers only can be compelled to enter the hospitals; and we met in the open streets with cases, one of whom was a farmer's wife carrying a basket of butter and eggs into the market. Only a short distance you go, perhaps half a mile, when you stop at a picturesque wooden house; it is the oldest and smallest of the hospitals. This is the Lungegaard Hospital, under the charge of old Dr. Danielssen, where those cases are admitted which are suited to early and energetic treatment. Many remedies have been given a fair trial, but without any uniformly successful results. All that drugs have effected so far has been to give some little relief to suffering. We were told that some of the early stages of the disease were very painful, but that when it has fully developed itself physical suffering ceases, and certainly few of the many patients we met gave signs of being in pain. We entered a paved courtyard surrounded by two-storied buildings, and passing through an untidy kitchen, made our way into a long old hall which was spotlessly clean, and which was surrounded at half its height by a carved and painted gallery. On to the floor of this hall and into the gallery open the doors of little dormitories. Each room has a red-



covered bed, and plants in the window. Most of the little cells were empty. Our guide (whose eyes were affected) and some women sitting out in the courtyard in the sunshine knitting, were the only lepers we saw save one man with a strangely white face, who leaned over the gallery to look at us. One or two doors slammed as though their occupants did not desire to be seen; but in the other two hospitals great curiosity to look at us prevailed, and the lepers surrounded us willingly. This house, number 3, contains seventy patients. Most of those we saw had deformed hands, some had swollen faces, and our doctor pointed out that one of the women basking on the bench was getting her neck scratched by a neighbor, the itching of the leper spots being at times intolerable. In the Lungegaard asylum the air was pleasant, and both the halls we saw were well ventilated. The whole place was much like an old-fashioned almshouse in England. About two hundred yards farther up the road we came to the other and larger hospitals. These are erected in the same grounds, but are quite distinct. A pretty lodge covered with clematis and climbing roses stands at the dividing gates. The gardens are lovely, sweet, and bright with flowers of many kinds. The first room we entered was one on the ground floor. Here we found three lepers; one badly deformed, but not unsightly, was making up fishing-nets and fixing the corks on to them; he showed us his work proudly. A second was mending shoes — some of these were not to be called shoes, so extraordinary was their shape, or rather their unshapeliness. This man did not wish apparently to be noticed, so only our doctor went forward to speak to him. His face, from the glimpse we took, appeared horrible; it was purple and swollen out of shape. There was a strange faint smell in this room which we did not perceive in the Lungegaard hospital. Next we went upstairs. The passages were yellow-washed and clean, and an intelligent old nurse went round this the woman's department with us, and we observed she unlocked most of the doors before we could enter. The rooms or wards were all panelled with wood and painted light green; they contained six or eight beds each — the usual light iron ones — with comfortable mattresses and red coverlets. In all the windows were flowers and plants, many being myrtles trained to resemble round-

clipped box or yew trees. The rooms were well lighted, with lovely views all brightness outside, but horrible — especially where the worst cases were dwelling — from want of ventilation. In vain do the doctors throw open the windows in their morning inspection. Used at home to crowding together in small, hot habitations, the Norwegian peasantry cannot endure fresh air in their rooms, and compulsory ventilation is about to be resorted to in the hospitals. When we were there the atmosphere was unbearable. In both the male and female hospitals there were large rooms set apart as general work-rooms. In their apartment the women were carding wool, and then, with the old spinning-wheels we only see at home as curiosities, they were twisting the wool into yarn, and other patients were knitting it up. The men were provided with a joiner's shop, and in another room stood frames on which they were winding string, which their companions were using to net into trawling-nets. Our conductress showed us the church, a plain, large, and very clean room, with a crimson-covered communion-table and two brass candlesticks on it, and a tall gilt cross. The figures of the hymns, of which five were selected for the morning service and four for the afternoon, were made of tin and stuck on to blackboards, so that the weakest eyes could see them. Everywhere the poor patients were pleased to see us. I suppose our visit was a break in the hopeless monotony of their lives. One of the women's wards myself and my young lady friend were not entering, but the doctor said, "Do come in, they want to see English ladies." They chatted about our clothes and appearance to each other, and tried to talk to us and make us understand their mode of working. Quite a little crowd followed us to the doorway, and a sad one it was to look on; not one face without its disfigurement. Sadder to us than all the awful contortions and deformities we saw was to behold in one of the women's rooms, knitting with the others, a *lovely girl*. For years she may live on — some do for thirty or forty years after their admission, though mercifully 17·2 per cent. die between twenty and thirty years of age, and forty per cent. between thirty and fifty years. Yet some live to an old age. If any are ever cured they are, as Dr. Hansen observed sorrowfully, "*ruins of human beings*."

MRS. CHARLES GARNETT.